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L E T T E R

FROM A

*Chancellor out of Office,*

TO A

KING IN POWER, &c.

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Entered at Stationer's-Hall.





A  
LETTER  
FROM A  
CHANCELLOR, OUT OF OFFICE,  
TO A  
KING IN POWER.

CONTAINING,  
REFLECTIONS  
ON THE ERA OF  
HIS PRESENT MAJESTY'S ACCESSION  
TO THE  
THRONE OF HIS ANCESTORS.

ON THE WAR WITH AMERICA;  
THE SPANISH AND RUSSIAN ARMAMENTS;  
AND THE  
PRESENT WAR WITH FRANCE;

THOUGHTS ON  
CHURCH AND STATE ESTABLISHMENTS,  
FORMING AN ENQUIRY INTO THE IMMEDIATE EXPEDI-  
ENCY OF REFORM, POLITICAL, RELIGIOUS, AND MORAL;  
IN THE COURSE OF WHICH ARE EXAMINED, THE RELA-  
TIVE POINTS ABOUT WHICH TRINITARIANS AND UNITA-  
RIANS CHIEFLY DIFFER, AS WELL AS THOMAS PAINE'S  
ASSERTIONS CONCERNING JESUS CHRIST.

LASTLY,  
ON THE LAWS THAT WERE AND THE LAWS THAT ARE;  
INTERSPERSED WITH OCCASIONAL RETROSPECTIVES OF ASSO-  
CIATIONS, NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY, REVOLUTIONS, AND  
UNIVERSAL PATRIOTISM.

THE WHOLE BEING  
A SOLEMN APPEAL  
TO THE JUSTICE, BENEVOLENCE, AND POLITICAL  
WISDOM OF OUR GRACIOUS KING,  
GEORGE THE THIRD.

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and may be had of all other Bookfellers in Town and Country.

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# THE

CHANCELLOR, OFFICE OF THE

## KING IN POWER

### REFLECTIONS

ON THE PRESENT MAJESTY'S ACCESSION

TO THE THRONE OF HIS ANCESTORS

ON THE WAR WITH AMERICA;

THE SEVERAL AND THE AN ARMYMENTS

PRESENT WAR WITH FRANCE

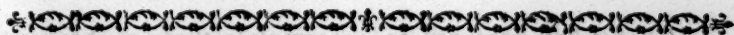
CHURCH AND STATE ESTABLISHMENTS



AND HOW THEY APPLIED

TO THE THIRD

[The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been consulted in the preparation of this work.]



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less, the commands of your Highness pressed upon me  
involved as I was, in the mass of a violent political

# LETTER

FROM A

CHANCELLOR OUT OF OFFICE,

TO A

KING IN POWER.

**A**LARMED as I am at the progress certain doctrines have lately made, I can no longer withhold an open avowal of my honest and independent sentiments. My countrymen seem to demand the declaration. To them I owe the first, to my Sovereign the second sacrifice. Happy, indeed, must that individual be, who truly holds a place in their confidence; happy, divinely happy, the King who glories in their esteem.

How to gain and perpetuate the unconstrained affections of a people, are the most arduous duties of a Prince. These however are attainable virtues, and ought to prescribe perpetual boundaries to the ambition of Monarchs.

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When

When I first ventured to contemplate those capacious topics, so feebly, but impartially discussed in the sequel of this letter, the commands of your Highness pressed upon me. Involved as I was, in the mazes of a vitiated political system, I could not then arrange my thoughts as to the particular manner in which the general and individual interests of mankind may possibly be promoted and defined. At present, however, I am wholly extricated from the perplexities natural to an official life. With this agreeable circumstance in my favour, it is, that I now hazard, great and illustrious Prince, to publish my unbiaſſed sentiments of the office and duties of King, as well as a political survey of the known remarkable events of your celebrated reign

Individually, I certainly have no right to pronounce counter decisions on questions important and intricate as those which have arisen in the course of that variegated series I am now about to explore—Decisions too which have received the sanction of aggregate wisdom, and which, together with their illustrious authors, may yet be transmitted to our latest posterity. Judging for a cotemporary age, one is tender even of the prejudices of particular men, whose errors, however obvious, receive the golden sanction of an admiring world.

Arbitrations in the affairs of an embarrassed Prince, more important if possible than those which would result from the insolvency of an enterprising people, require not only superiorly acute judgement, but extensively improved prescience.

Almost



Almost all the writers of the present day, who have acquired any valuable reputation at all, have, in treating of your Majesty's government, most religiously regarded every punctilio which independent Britons could observe or their independent Sovereign require. I too humbly desire to approach the throne with the language and in the spirit of true loyalty; disclaiming alike every servile attachment and unprovoked disregard. And, in the first place :

REFLECTIONS ON THE *ÆRA* OF YOUR MAJESTY'S  
ACCESSION TO THE THRONE OF YOUR ANCESTORS.

From earliest infancy inspired, as men say, with love of virtue, the first act of your Majesty's reign was that of choosing the *magnanimous* Stuart, Earl of Bute, for your Prime Minister. A favorite and confident with your generous father, that nobleman easily attained high honors and illustrious preferments under you. Skilled in every art which could endear a docile favorite to a devout Prince, he shone brightest where manly and dignified independence was least known. Long distinguished as being peculiarly necessary to the preservation of the health and happiness of your royal mother, it truly became you to honor him with a garter: the star being his right-paramour ! Thus then we wondered not when fortune coyly followed him. He, indeed, became the distinguished object of your dawning benevolence.

Notwithstanding this, however, public clamours then ran high; and some turbulent spirits, eager to be thought more discerning than their Prince, even dared to utter sentiments



of derision against the favorite, and disaffection towards the Monarch. The country party, long the annoyers and distracters of the councils of your royal grandfather, grew vehemently indecent: not only did they promulgate their envenomed farcasms through the medium of public writings, but obtruded their club denunciations and print-shop exhibitions on the world. True, the son of that nobleman was invested with the charge of an office under your Majesty, at a time when the tender frame of his infant mind was little capable of performing the arduous duties necessarily attached to it. Nor did the members of that inveterate opposition slacken their calumniatory endeavours on the occasion. No sooner was that blooming infant, the Viscount Mountstuart, inaugurated sinecure ——! than they, with all the insolence of rebellious regicides, questioned the legitimacy of your Majesty's right of succession. Pretending to have studied the philosophy of the royal closet, they circulated, with the zeal of quacks in physic, their lewd ballads. That sinecure itself was long known under the opprobrious title of "the Royal Compromise;" a title which had been founded on the iniquitousanders which had been tacked to the many virtues of the good Princess Caroline. Some more credulous than curious believed all, while a few otherwise sagacious statesmen admitted the probability of the Viscount having received that salary in consideration of a possible kinship with your Royal Highness. While those undutiful subjects thus provoked public indignation against them, some blasphemous astrologers were busied in contriving and propagating doctrines the most invidiously profane. Some of these

these indeed attempted to assert that the pregnancy of your royal mother either was a miraculous conception, or the enveloped offspring of adulterous imagination. Many worthy and religious people, necessarily credulous, from the circumstances of their particular calling, had faith enough to cherish, nay, avow the doctrine. And Frederick, though the patron of lying-in hospitals, was said to be—“ *Non compus muliebritas*. But Time, that moulders even Fame herself into dust, soon cast his deep, though not impenetrable veil, over those malevolent and spurious slanders.

“ *So that your Majesty, if not divine,*

“ *Is the right umpire of the Stuart line.*”

Impious as those slanders were, every good man in the kingdom rejoiced in their confutation. No one any longer doubted the legitimacy of your Majesty's crown: no one had the temerity any longer to avow sentiments of disloyalty or disesteem. True, the nation, on your accession, was not only infected with those revolutionary theorists from within, but actually menaced by desperate invaders from without.

Overpowered, however, by the club dissensions which took birth of their incendiary doctrines, the most intemperate enemies of your Majesty's person and government, stimulated too by love of personal safety, soon vanished. Still the war with Flanders could not be agreeable to the wishes of the whole people. Only defeats and disgraces signalized its annals!

Some partial victories were, it is true, obtained in the earlier stages of the contest: but the strong forts of Vauban

new mortified and new garrisoned as they were, proved impregnable barriers to the intrepid English. Intrepid and brave the British troops certainly evinced themselves ; but, alas ! dread and more dread the consequences. Routed in every quarter, they were compelled to fly before the inglorious but successful troops of a despot Monarch. Immersed in the errors of carnal Rome, Frenchmen *then* gloried in the slaughter of human race. King George the III. nevertheless persevered in the war. He, indeed, knew that only vigorous and undaunted perseverance in those hitherto unproductive efforts could pave the way to an ultimately honorable termination of the hated contest. Yet this Prince, notwithstanding that he really indulged less predilection for his Hanoverian subjects than his heroic father had shewn before him, could not reconcile the disaffected part of the nation to the measures and views of the cabinet : so that the libellers of your royal mother were succeeded by another faction, who, as being less irreverent in their general deportment, grew more formidable as opponents.

The parliament espoused these, as did the country the former ; and many judicious men, once opposite in opinion, joined them. At this alarming period of our political existence, in this eventful crisis, it was, that the evangelic William Pitt shed the recordative tear on our many coloured factions. Fraught with generous and ennobling contempt of the low artifices of plodding statesmen, animated with true English spirit, elated to behold our glory-gaining navy, and wholly unconcerned about the haughty threats of an insolent French cabinet, that sage minister planned an invasion of  
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the French coast. So bold a measure, and so well timed, never was agitated by man. Like the mother of Hercules of old, he instilled new hearts, new souls, new hopes, new passions, into the gloom-spread English breast. Joyful effusions exhaled from every opening pore, and whole intelligent man became one unmixed fountain of heaven-inspiring love. Dissentions, disaffections, murmurs, sighs, and groans, instead of daunting, roused the lethargic soul! Britons panted after victory while the systematizing Pitt held the reins of war. The armament, well equipped and judiciously disposed, now set sail for France; with, as has since appeared, orders not to strike a blow. Nor could the most ambitious entertain higher hopes than those realized on the occasion—the thorough discomfiture of the enemy's plans! This was followed with redoubled exertions both by sea and land.

However, our continental troops, though greatly augmented, failed in every point; while success upon success attended the enemy. Thus these unexampled exertions made both at home and abroad to enable the Germans to defend themselves proved abortive; and martial honors were but slowly acquired by the coalesced powers. Indeed our losses daily accumulated, and as frequently exaggerated, alarmed many. These, however, were confined almost entirely to the land forces. For a more splendid and victorious navy never rode the waves.

Auspiciously surrounded by wise and popular Ministers, your Majesty was now caressed and applauded as the best of Kings. While the nation, desirous of appearing unanimous, ad-



dressed the throne with dutiful assurance of cordial and unfeigned loyalty. These addresses however conveyed more. Wishes for peace had been modestly expressed, and the urgent expediency of the measure defferently inculcated. Unwilling to hazard the good wishes of your people, already united in confidence and princely love, your Majesty received these their professions of loyalty respectfully : treating the other parts of their dutiful address with all that cordiality, which so particularly endears the person and government of a patriot King, to zealous subjects.

The war having now involved many interests, as well those of the English people, as the courts of Spain and Portugal, it was found necessary, not only, not to devise pacific measures, but on the contrary to encrease our marine and land establishments. Spain, it is true, became a party through perfidy. And Portugal was implicated, as of necessity, in the result of Bourbon treachery. Animated by the example of the illustrious Pitt, (afterwards *created* Earl of Chatham), both army and navy, however, displayed an Herculian energy. Their joint efforts, accelerated by his prudence, soon disorganized the levelling systems of the enemy. So that the vast destructive schemes of intriguing Versailles, instead of harrassing the English Minister, retorted with increased loads of disgrace and disappointment upon their authors. And Madrid, wallowing in luxury and sloth, soon declined the contest on the side of Portugal. Thus conquering, in the very face of adversity, the British flag triumphed universally. The wealthy citizens of London, unappaled by the dread of civil commotions at home, and having but little to apprehend from

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the invasion of the foe; chearfully subscribed to the increasing loans of every opening session. And the people and the parliament breathed one universal spirit of generous unanimity. Glorious Æra of cabinet integrity !

In times like these, enjoying so many almost unparelled advantages, your Majesty, seldom seen, and still seldomer heard, was beloved as a sovereign and adored as a man. Professing the Protestant religion, and being early initiated in the principles of the memorable revolution of 1688, toleration, not only in matters of religion, but freedom of speech, concerning political jurisprudence, distinguished the early parts of your reign.

The war certainly had increased the national debt much beyond the example of any former period of our history. Yet such was the opinion the English people had of the political œconomy and manly candour of Pitt, that not even the experience of the encreasing calamities of war could intimidate them. Availing himself of this merited confidence, and neither petulently bold, nor imprudently circumspect, that virtuous statesman at length recommended the adoption of pacific measures.

Your Majesty, as yet unskilled in the low policy of stock-raising schemes, likewise acquiesced in the wishes of your people. And the French, whose successes in Flanders had much increased their wonted arrogance, at length acceded to the propositions of the cabinet of London. The negotiations being concluded, a cessation of arms took place in Germany and in all other quarters ; and on the 22d  
day

day of February 1763, the peace was solemnly proclaimed at the usual places in Westminster and London.

Thus far, my liege, I have endeavoured, however incompetently, to draw a picture of the earlier scenes of your political life. Thus far I have, I trust, been faithful in narrative, and ingenuous where either praise or censure was due. Many will, perhaps, think so diffusive a statement nevertheless impertinent ; but your Highness, since then, so much occupied with affairs of state necessity, and not a little perplexed with direful visitations of bodily pains, may have either forgotten or, in part, disregarded those eventful transactions. Certainly history has recorded both the crisis and the transactions themselves, but that is not enough.—The hardships of one winter are not remembered amidst the comforts of the next. No more would it appear that the evil of precedent wars are at all thought of when the caprices or ill-founded claims of ambitious potentates re-provoke the vengeance of insulted justice.

When I am in my closet I study : here my mind is wholly absorbed either in contemplation, arrangement, or disquisitorial scenes. In the world, however, a thousand novelties present themselves to my dazzled eyes, and the charms of a nightcap vanish unperceived : even your Majesty may recollect, that at some period of your life the slipper and the morning-gown have afforded delights which the crown and the sceptre have festered into pride. Let therefore our candor supercede our vanity, and the faults of others teach us to lessen our own.

Could

Could blood-stained fame and cannon-pointed glory; could war against the prejudices, or even errors of mankind; could the consideration of thirty millions sterling, expended in gunpowder and other diabolical ingredients, in Power's murderous cauldron—could these be deemed compatible with reason, humanity, or justice, I know not, Sire, how the mind of man, how angels themselves, could invent figures animating enough to display the glory of your name—Such the unparalleled portions of fame and glory acquired, and the quantities of blood and treasure consumed, during the series of that vengeful conflict!

The Earl of Chatham, however, fulfilled the commands of your Majesty and of the nation, by an unremitting ardour in the prosecution of the war. Yet however he may have accelerated the ravages of unsuccessful campaigns, however thousands, who either lost their lives, or were left limbless monuments of the fate of their fallen companions, may have derived their miseries from the prompt vigor of his well-timed attacks; however an unprecedented accumulation of taxes might owe existence to his political zeal, sure I am his private virtues and private life were incontrovertible proofs of rooted aversion to every species of national cannibalism. One fact he knew, and perhaps the only axiom which perplexed his generous soul—*That* a Prime Minister of England cannot be an honest man. With its limitations this is strictly true: because the prerogative of your Majesty's crown is, and if not virtuously circumscribed, ever will be an inexhaustible source of venality, corruption, and terror. Chatham likewise knew *that*; every musket, and every bayonet raised either  
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in defence of, or against man, are as many shining examples of the depravity of man.

When however I reflect on the vast preponderance vice has attained, and the low debasement of virtue in the world, I am almost tempted to fancy the sword and the cannon essential to the happiness of human race. Profligate and capricious, the youth of fashion glories in the flowery pleasures of an indolent campaign. Halberts and bracelets are indeed peculiarly admired by the world; insomuch that, except your Majesty and some superannuated bishops, every man that could be called genteel in the kingdom demanded, in the course of the war just alluded to, to be accoutred and commissioned. In other respects war has a certain tendency to ameliorate the condition of deluded mankind. Whenever national debts have reached the achmé of national wealth, revolution alone can settle the punctilio of preference. Your Highness then will regret the inflexibility with which Ministers pursue systems of rapine and desolation: then will the prerogative of a crown sink in the scale of mental independence. But this leads me to consider the causes of the war with America, its progress and effects: Then 2dly,

*The Americans, originally a colony from Great Britain, being an infant people, and constrained to trade with Great Britain only, could neither pay the debts they owed to their correspondents in England, nor the taxes proposed to be levied upon them by the cabinet of St. James's.*

That the American merchants were indebted to the English merchants, and that too for the commodities of two successive years, is certainly true; but that there was an equivalent

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in produce ready to be sent in return is likewise well authenticated. Produce always formed the import from thence, as did British manufactures the exports from hence thither. Mutual advantages were thus derived from mutual trade, and the mother and the child were, as they always ought to be, cordially attached to the reciprocal interests of each and both. No human distinction was desired on the part of the child, nor ought any to have been provoked by the mother. Filial in duty, they ought to have continued zealous and unanimous as to the concerns of the common cause. But, lo! Ambition, the scourge of Empires and the grave of Kings, founded the dire horn of power. National grievances begot national discontents; and Lord North, than whom a more perfect model of venality never bowed at an altar, perceived; that either England must encounter with the disaffections of her oppressed inhabitants, or yoke the will of an indignant colony. Even the *then* interest of the debt alarmed every thinking man in the kingdom: and an expedient to enable the Minister to make the burthen less felt, was found wanting. Ireland could not be assessed; the people would not submit to the scoundrel controul of a prodigal Minister: Scotland was too poor to participate with any other power, except in her misery: thus the Colonists fell victims to English avarice. The Americans, however, would not partition their small capitals into lots of land, window, soap, coal, timber, stamp, and the many more *hard* termed taxes which ill-fated England is forced to pay. Indeed, Nature herself forbade her trans-atlantic sons to affiliate with the plunderers of their industrious parents.

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The Americans, many of them at least, are descended part from convicts, other parts from rebels; descriptions which, when liberally considered, by no means imply natural depravity: poverty on one hand and oppression on the other, presents your Highness with the only real source of burglary and rebellion. Thus, in fact, the essence of American criminality was said to emanate from the crown your Majesty wears.

How this position is to be illustrated will, perhaps, form a topic with speculative and sceptic philosophers. Some indeed have said that a crown, freely and gloriously, propagates only peace and good will to all the world. Another class of people, less accommodating, at any rate not quite so prejudiced as the former, will hazard a general charge, and say; Crowns derive their essentiality from corruption, ignorance, superstition, and the sword. While a third description hesitate not to avow, that crowns are the fountains of human woe. With regard to the Sovereign of these kingdoms, this cannot be true; yet, certain I am, that the criminality of the American convicts was poverty: the source, the tremendous source, of misery and sloth. From this, the British vagrants imbibe their vices; from this, your Majesty's Ministers derive their avarice.

Lord North, whose profligate expenditure of the public money, and prodigal abuse of the confidence of the nation, could only be equalled by the avidity of *certain* people to impose tyranny and slavery upon their American fellow-men, was too poor to be contented and too avaricious to be honest. A hoard of scoundrel dependents and sycophant admirers  
always

always reared under his inglorious banners. The more perfidious the character, the more useful the man. Needy, greedy, and unprincipled, his majority in both houses of parliament was only to be procured by means of peculation and deceit. The *Newlands* flew about like chaff before the wind ! So that the amiable example of your Majesty's ennobled Minister, the Earl of Chatham, instead of influencing the Northites invited their spleen.—The smiles of an angel heap coals of fire upon the head of a devil ! But war is waged against the Americans.

\* That injustice, inhumanity, impolicy, and tyranny, characterized this transaction, even your Majesty must be ready to confess. Men humbly soliciting to be heard in their own defence, willing likewise to contribute to the necessary expences of their colonial establishment ; indeed not unwilling to participate an adequate portion of their small stock with your Majesty, instead of being arrogantly precipitated into a ruinous and exterminating war ; ought to have been embraced, cordially embraced, as dutiful and affectionate children. Whether the unequal representation of the commons of Great Britain was any ground of assessment, or whether, when the Cabinet had apprehended a revolt of the independent few, the stamp act was contrived only to awe and intimidate, are topics on which I have hardly any remarks to offer. Clearly the plea of the Americans, when placed in contra-distinction to that which Manchester, Birmingham, and many more extensive and unrepresented towns of Great Britain might adduce, stands upon the unequivocal ground of unequal—rather no representation at all. Upon all hands  
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it is agreed that taxation ought to be equalized, that is to say; *according unto your fortune pay unto me.* Surely, the purpose of a government ought to be to give energy to the laws of Nature and God. The former whose symmetry, aptness, and perspicuity awfully entertain the enquiring mind, inculcate principles of predetermined equality: the latter confirm the harmony and derived excellence of the former.

Can any thing be more obvious, therefore, than the *a priori* design of mankind living in unison of object as well as sameness of element. Death is the certain portion of man. Who breathed the breath of life into nature?—God; who prescribes the duration of existence?—God; who then has a right to deprive man of his liberty?—God. Resolving, as I necessarily must, all power into the beneficent hands of that all powerful Sovereign, your Majesty cannot once suppose I consider Kings, thrones, sceptres, or diadems, exceptions to the general rule. No! Your Majesty, like the unadorned peasant, shall die—God's providence may indulgently spare your life yet many years—Truly I wish you long life, sound health, and a peaceful dissolution. But can the aggravation of the sufferings of the Americans? Can the qualified peculations of a North? Can lust of power, and contempt of justice, procure ultimate happiness?—I fear not. Eternal wrath lowers deeply over the meridian of the wicked. THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND MUST MEND HIS MANNERS, OR DIE A SLAVE!

The slavery which America spurned, England may yet yoke, but Washington and America were and are one. Not all the efforts of intriguing Princes, not all the machinations  
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of sapient Ministers, not the experience of a Cornwallis, not the intrepid gallantry of a Wolf, not whole irritated Britain could conquer the reason-armed colonists ; our marches and counter marches, even our successes accelerated their emancipation. In proportion as we increased in enmity, they accumulated patience ; while North schemed their extermination at one blow, heaven flung the conquering arrow at York-town. Cornwallis, brave and generous Cornwallis, was compelled to yield: on his surrender the liberties of America were realized.—Now praise to God in the highest, and peace and good-will to mankind.—

Limited, and perhaps unentertaining, as these scattered observations are, I will not occupy many more seconds of time on this subject. Proposing an enquiry into the influence that war really had upon the interests and dispositions of mankind, I am tempted to re-assert one axiom, viz.—That every musket and every bayonet raised either in defence of, or against man, are as many shining proofs of the depravity of man.

Inasmuch, as these are emblematical of corruption, so whatever operates to a rational equalization of the degrees of power, individually exercised, tends, as it were inevitably, to produce individual and general happiness in the world. Taxation alone will reduce Britain to her pristine insignificance : but before this can happen the sovereign voice, indignantly just, may hurl oppression from her throne. Looking to this as a necessary and certain revolution, increase of taxes properly is a means of happiness, promotes improvement in knowledge, is a source of virtue, and an interlude



terlude to universal liberty. Whenever the wealth of a people begins to decay, general bankruptcy may be apprehended. Whenever England strikes the docket against England, your Highness may be assured that Englishmen will have their suspended liberties, their patriot independence, their equal rights, and virtuous laws restored to them:—Exquisite relics of the pomp of commerce and rude wreaths of trade!

The Americans were a bankrupt people at the time their independence was acknowledged. Since then, however, they have enjoyed a constitution, of all others, perhaps the most unexceptionably good. Their government is simple; its expences therefore few. An elective president, but so virtuous that they have not yet altered their original choice. Washington was their deliverer, he continues their guardian; is adored as a patriot, revered as a man!—Kings of the earth, reflect, and tremble: be penitent on the recollection of your patent vices; trace, with diligence, your unrecorded virtues. Like the Americans, you must issue the statute of general bankruptcy ere liberty, virtue, truth, justice, and benevolence, can prevail.

Russia may provoke war, England may accept the challenge, and Europe, convulsed Europe, seal the mandate of universal despotism; but every increasing loan hastens the emancipation of prejudiced and deluded man. The Russian armament, projected by the present *offensive* Prime Minister of England, was said to have been provoked on the part of the Empress. Balance of power, a subterfuge for rogues and thieves, was the ostensible motive to our interference.

Oczakow



Oczakow had been taken from the Tartars. Thus England was agitated from her very centre. The crown of the Khan of that country was insulted: Ministers therefore pretended that all crowned heads shared the contempt of Catharine equally. Threats and libels alone signalized that capricious armament. Yet Catharine, who is not quite so eloquent as Pitt, received the news of the projected invasion unconcerned. Our fleets however sailed from the ports of England. Many of the ships indeed arrived in the harbour of Leith, in Scotland. Notwithstanding this, the Empress was not only not mistaken in her politics, but actually defeated our fleets without firing a gun. Contented to be duped by her, your Majesty did not retaliate the insult upon her Highness. On the contrary all was love and unanimity between the courts of Petersburg and St. James's. Infomuch, that many overtures have since been made to induce the Czarina to enter into a treaty of commerce, and one offensive and defensive. Your Majesty's policy in proposing such a reconciliation was prudent and wise. For the existence of the balance of power depends on the punctuality which Catharine may be inclined to observe in regard to the peace lately concluded between her Majesty and the Turks. Of this a word:

Russia, though an extensive, warlike, and powerful nation, is not a wealthy nation. Her generals as well as her admirals, many of them at least, are poor men. Poverty and pride are as well the first causes of great ambition, as of great sloth. Should the admirals of Russia once know the value of the degree of liberty Englishmen enjoy, even at this

day, they will become admirers. Admiration generally is excited by love. A desire of participating the virtues of the thing admired instantly seizes the virtue-wrenching soul. The Romans never would have extended their conquests, had the countries they visited presented, instead of riches, want; instead of fertile soils, salubrious fountains and the shaggy oak; an uninhabited, naked ridge of furrows. The ambition of that once conqueror and mistress of the then known world, indeed sprung from novelty: and after indulging largely in that passion, a most rigid system of military discipline, accompanied by persecution, proscription, and even plunder succeeded. Catharine, though certainly in no respect mistress of the world, possesses vast and tremendous means of becoming umpire of great part of Europe. Already she rules the human race in her thoughts. The vastness of her territories, although not such as to render her on that account particularly formidable to the powers of Europe, enables her to awe the Turkish empire, inasmuch, that that people are now almost in a state of desperate subjection to her will. The ill fated Poles have already but too tragically exhibited the effects of her paramount ambition in their fall. Glancing at the nature of the constitution and government of the Russian empire, a lust of power strikes me as the only indelible feature in that whole series. This passion, in all ages of the world, in all the known countries of this globe, and under every human distraction seems to have been, at present certainly is the favourite theme of Princes. Peter the Great, though a truly glorious character, possessed that vein in a very great degree. Charles of Sweden

Sweden lived and died a despot; full of military glory and golden inebriety. Our own Edwards and Henrys, and from them downwards, grasped at supreme rule and uncontrollable dominion. Keeping these truths in view, may we not presume that Russia will yet re-attempt the conquest of Turkey. But to return:

Spain, whose Nootka Sound depredation, now involved the high displeasure of the Minister, became the next object of contest; and your Majesty, long accustomed to listen to a pert and venal cabinet, seemed to conceive an equal degree of political enmity towards your royal brother. Count Florida Blanca, aware of the state of degradation the Russian armada had reduced the English character, persisted nevertheless in his diplomatic arrogance. Matters thus proceeded till the national debt was increased a further 4,000,000.

Again the Loan-Sharks indented their harpy teeth in the starving bodies of the tax-oppressed English; while yourself, most gracious Liege, triumphed in the alacrity with which your royal edicts were fulfilled. However this armament, like the former, was disbanded; and the charter parties of the loan contractors, army agents, corn-factors, &c. thrown upon the great national shelf to supply the place of the four millions which were taken from the capital in trade. On this occasion a set of new taxes was introduced, while the great officers, and wardens of the nation prepared to retire to their respective villas to congratulate the stock-holders on the Spanish job. Believe me, Sire, not an elector in the kingdom but is eligible to bribe. The case will always be the same till national virtue has superceded national perfidy.

Consequent upon that Nootka Sound vision was the appointment of commissioners to adjust the various points of etiquette. Thus certain individuals, who could not be concerned in the loan, received salaries and pensions—and this kept them firm in their attachment to your Majesty's ministers, and the prerogative of your crown. Every change, every circumstance, political, religious, or moral, will afford some protection to the friends of the Minister. But defenceless individuals are left to perish in the ensanguined arms of death. Relent not, ye ministers, for tyranny alone can rouse the lethargic English.

Whether the Lilliputians are extant or not, we are told that Hottentots do exist: they have a King; perhaps a parliament. Will philosophers imagine that the taking of Ockzakow, and the depredations committed at Nootka Sound, convulsed the kingdom of that Monarch? Surely they did! so that England armed to avenge the cause of the poor and oppressed Hottentots. Yes, to avenge the cause of suffering humanity throughout the world: For although only the creatures of administration shared the spoils of their country upon that occasion, eventually the whole nation will profit by the scheme. One day or other the Minister will be arraigned at the bar of his country—it will then appear that the Russian armament was merely a feast to half starved electioneers. Then will the loans of that season appear in evidence against him, while the faithless agents of his speculation desert his cause.

Finding that America spurned the yoke of a despot cabinet, that Russia would not even compliment us with an ambassador



ambassador extraordinary, that Spain equally disregarded your menacing servants, it was your duty, Sovereign Liege, (because in it were implicated the honor and dignity of your crown) to gratify the wishes of a generous people, in the dismissal of that lawless Minister. The nation loudly demanded the change. A starving poor and oppressed husbandry, an overburdened trade, and neglected manufactures, pressed the removal of that atrocious character. But alas! your Majesty, deluded and betrayed, was taught to unite the safety of your royal crown with that of an infamous financeer; regardless of your people, and forgetful of your family. When a message was sent to the Commons, praying that honourable house to pay your physicians' bill, I was heard to say, that the Minister, not your Majesty, enforced the measure. I have since been told, that that circumstance proved a source of grief not only to your whole House, but to Ministers themselves. However, Pitt paid that bill from the savings of the Russian armada!

That grand display of royal poverty was followed by an application for a sum to enable your profligate son to discharge his shameful debts. The son of Chatham shrunk from the summons. The son of Frederick spurned the puerile Minister. Off-off-off reverberated from room's end to room's end, inasmuch that Pitt did indeed take himself off. Rumour succeed rumour, and conjecture fact, till that amiable young man, in quick conformity to your royal pleasure, again resumed the reins of power. George Prince of Wales was now relieved from the dread of insolvency. Yet your Majesty, awfully changed in your sentiments, would neither receive the child, or re-

cognize the favorite. Matters continued thus discomposed till the quarterly payment of your royal salary became due; then Mr. Pitt informed your stewards that it could not be paid.

Solicitous to appropriate the quarterly surplus regularly, apprehensive too that the necessity of a measure so daring and unprecedented resulted from a concurrence of inauspicious events, your Majesty now found that submission to the will of a Minister better became you than obedience to the commands of Heaven.—The quarter's arrears being paid, a fatal predilection for the Pitts and Grenvilles recommenced; against a series of well digested, well timed, and respectful opposition.

To the verge of the revolution, France displayed moderation of principles and of conduct. To that period your Majesty's ministers evinced candour, moderation, and friendship in their communications with that kingdom. When however the national assembly *resolved* in the plenitude of her wisdom, to abrogate laws, and proscribe institutions which in themselves were inimical, not only to the true interests of the subject, but those of their ill-fated sovereign, Mr. Pitt commissioned a pensioned parasite to libel the immutable supremacy of that august body. The major part of the potentates of Europe, *in secret alliance with the English cabinet*, being in a state of rebellious cogitation within themselves,—boiling as it were from their very centres with indignation, and enmity against truth, reason, liberty, and reform: next imposed their insidious councils on the infatuated Louis XVI. exerting at the same time their utmost energy in contriving plots,  
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exciting insurrection, inspiriting unwilling soldiers, deluding the liberty inspirited General; deceiving, in short, every power within their royal grasp: to induce the whole to conspire against the independent sovereign people of a patriot nation. These threats, however, failed; but not till after the celebrated retreating General, our cousin of Brunswick had first declared. ‘*France shall be ruled on my principles of government. The enfranchisement of her inhabitants, according to my plans.*’ Thus those powers would assume over Frenchmen, that power which Frenchmen, in common with all the descendants of Adam, derive only from their God: and for the right or wrong use of which they are accountable to that God only.—To that omniscient self-existing Being, therefore would France become tributary—to no other.

The spirit of light and life, the vivid rays of heaven born virtue, the sunshine of temperate enquiry, the ennobling love of rational liberty, as it were instantly illumined the minds of men. Unable to resist the now incessant ardour of reiterating appeals to intellectual truth, the Priestcraft pronounced their country and countrymen in a state of religious insolvency: declaring at the same time, that only the complete restoration of *their* antient absurdities, crafts, and privileges, could re-establish public tranquillity, and render domestic endearments permanent. But these denunciations, together with the audacious authors of them, those who had volunteered in the better cause of liberty despised. The defection of insatiable divines and ignoble nobles, stimulated no doubt by the fatal example of some deluded, but well meaning politicians, and mistaken friends to reform, now became inevitable.

•vitable. Thus circumstanced, they hastily departed from their native shore ; to seek refuge wherever refuge would be given, to take shelter wherever shelter could be found.

On this occasion, England, with open arms, received indiscriminately, all whose unhappy situation it was to be destitute not only of places to lay their heads upon, but also of the indispensable necessities of life. Their wants were no sooner observed and known, than suitable provision was made for them, and true English humanity re-echoed from shore to shore. While Russia on the other hand coldly received a Prince (the Count de Artois) of the house of Bourbon ; allotted for him, it is true a revenue and a retinue ; both in her mind, well adapted to his circumstances. The former to be collected from among the tractable inhabitants of Siberia ; the latter, the retinue ! to be composed of the most civilized classes of citizens in that part of her Majesty's dominions. A fact too well known to require additional corroboration ; this then the contrast :—England, warmly and substantially humane. Russia, coldly, phlegmatically, and insubstantially hospitable. So much by way of prologue to the subsequent parts of Catharine's Imperial Drama.

The satellites of Continental crowns, and petty German Princes, accoutred, subsidised and commissioned, now take the field. Holland is attacked. Holland, that is to say the patriotic part of the nation, nevertheless, entertained not a warlike hatred, but a generous friendship for the French people ; and meant, if left to themselves, to **make** no very energetic struggle with the assailants. The Stadtholderian party, however, trembling for the safety of their then existing,

but



but since extinct power, loudly inveighed against the invaders ; ignominiously placarding the Batavians as insincere subjects ; while they stiled the brave sons of France, regicides and traitors ! Lord Aukland, our then resident Minister at the Hague, \* having seconded the clamours of the Orange party, Britannia raised her galling voice loud among the nations ; while the starved—starving creatures of royal munificence, had well nigh been choked in rebellowing—War and plunder ? One Englishman shall slay six Frenchmen !!

Stimulated by these glow-worms, the whole continent of Europe re-echoed the delusion. We were every where, and by all descriptions of people daily annoyed, with the prophetic orgies of scoundrel Ministers, and sycophant dependants. The vale of the temple was rent ; and the saints arose, or seemed to arise out of their thousand years sealed graves. Westminster groaned from the eastern to the western gate ; and long coils of cordage were observed to move in caparison circles of longitude and latitude. While granaries, like Mount Etna in the early stages of her apoplectic fury, high in air displayed their soporiferous virtues ; Exhalations of rum, brandy, gin, and wine, were hereupon infused into the atmospheric constitution of the whole dock-yards of the whole kingdom. Things thus every where inflamed, the nation intoxicated beyond former example, and in a dream ; a bombardment of the passions of Englishmen is commenced. —The members of the House of Commons, having previously

\* At present the hero of usurerical prosecutions—rendered otherwise notorious in a recent asray with a noble Lord—Por——r.

ously compromised for their honor, probity, virtues, and legislative integrity, joined the Crusade.

The arch swindler of the rights of Englishmen, England's illegitimate son and Prime Minister, now receives a potent manifesto ; or rather has his own manifesto returned to him : by the deluded, insulted, and betrayed father of England : purporting your Majesty's *no small concern*, that the crisis seemed fast approaching when *we* must join issue with our continental allies and friends—however unasked, however unprovoked, however unnecessarily, however unjustly, however chimerically, however diabolically. A war is now commenced on the part of England.

Contemplating the alledged ground on which this war was waged, contemplating the then state of our political and commercial interests as an insulated people and enterprising nation ; contemplating these, I cannot resist the emotions of pity and indignation which take possession alternately of my mind. Cabinet counsel, however distinguished and sage, ought not always to influence the conduct of a King. More than the views and sophistic calculations of a particular few is necessary in cases where the safety, the dignity, the existence and prosperity of nations are involved. A general convocation of not only the Privy Counsellors in the interest of the Minister of the day, but of those opposed to him from principle, might frequently prevent the diffusion of the miseries of barbarous wars. By a particular and general intercourse with the respective members of your two Houses of Parliament, your Majesty may know the sentiments of the whole

whole people. Without this, however, no accurate, indeed no estimation at all, can be rightly made of the several interests which must necessarily participate the issue of the contest. Had the members of Opposition, who are Privy Counsellors, been conjoined with those of the Treasury Bench of the same character, every circumstance of political moment would be fairly stated and precisely understood. To this mode of conduct it will perhaps be objected, that the secrets of your Majesty's closet cannot be promulgated generally to the dissenting part of your Parliament. I deny it—Every Privy Counsellor who sits in the Cabinet is under the most solemn engagements, not only to your Majesty but to God and the country : the development of secrets there communicated is treason. Is there a man in England hardy enough to hazard the united vengeance of God, the Crown, and the people ? I think not. Hence the expediency and consistency of an indiscriminate convocation of all the great Counsellors of state. Corruption, my Liege, derives its currency and preponderance from the latent imbecility of your councils : perjury and bribery therefrom emanate, and the liberties of the subject are thereby often violated, and not unfrequently suspended. But as it is my intention to treat of Church and state establishments in the sequel, I will not now enter into particulars on this important and intricate point.

The war with France was not undertaken against Frenchmen, as the rebellious subjects of Louis the XVIth. but against liberty as an evil. An evil liberty always is in the contemplation of men whose existence depends on the degrees  
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of superstition, error, and tyranny which prevail in the world. Virtue makes ten thousand enemies in a day. Vice gains the imitating-admiration of a million in one hour. La Fayette introduced sentiments of liberty into the politer conversation of the great men in France: Mirabeau did the same. Yet years rolled on years without one struggle, without one public exertion in the cause of truth. When, however, the minds of men became generally intoxicated with a something of which they could not yet form any rational or precise idea, universal disaffection, breathing an unintelligible but irresistible love of liberty, took birth of universal submission. The patriots of France could not, indeed would not listen to the mandatory interdicts of trembling Europe: thus revolution and bloodshed succeeded obstinacy and injustice. Parties, as Germany and Prussia were, in those transactions which gave rise to rebellion and revolt, your Majesty would have done more service to the cause of devoted Louis the XVIth by disavowing than aiding the coalition. But this would ill requite the services Prussia and Germany had rendered to you severally: The *Queen* of the former country brought forth a daughter who is married to your son, the *Duke of York*. The *Emperor's* grandfather was godfather to one of the *Prince's* of the House of *Mecklenburg*. *Alliances* in every way near and dear to you. *Grounds of contest the most pressing and just*

After many fruitless embassies to the court of Russia, your Majesty's Ministers at length received that court into t

coalition. This, however, was after a positive assurance o

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the part of England to pay the expences of the crusade. Necessary sums were accordingly transmitted from time to time ; while 70,000 troops, with their full and splendid complement of general and other officers, formed an encampment on the left banks of the Wolga. This body, now in a condition to take the field, marched off the territories of Russia ; and England, whose gold had been paid before hand, certainly expected that the Rhine was their destination ; but, alas ! Poland, always a most indigestive bone, stuck in Catharine's throat : laying in the tract, here it was easy for her bloody-minded banditti to halt, which they did, under the guarantee (secret guarantee, my Liege) of Prussia and Pitt. Frederick William the King, and plain William, your Majesty's trusty servant ; vulnerable in their nobler parts—their honors ! entered into the views of the dæmon-hearted Catharine. A partition of the fine fields of Poland, and the total dismemberment of that kingly blessed republic is now determined on ; and Prussian troops actually in the pay of Great Britain, and whose assistance was at the time, indeed always, required in the districts of the Rhine, are sent, notwithstanding those existing good reasons against the measure, to assist the Empress in her royal crusade against the liberties of that immortalized people.

How well they succeeded, the dethronement of the King and captivity of his chief General fully evince. That they have superseded the liberties of Poland, and imposed upon that people all the evils of ungovernable anarchy, is also lamentably true—nor less so, that they would not have been successful but for the powerful support afforded them by the  
English

English Minister. It is upon record, that Mr. Pitt questioned both the legal right and constitutional policy of any subscription scheme being adopted by the citizens of London, for the relief of their suffering fellow-men, the citizens of Warsaw. And I am bold to assert, that the obstacles thrown in the way of that measure by the English cabinet, alone prevented the illustrious King of the Poles, and his Washington-like General from receiving that from the bounty of liberal minded individuals which the cause in which they were engaged, ought to have derived from the executive Power of this country.\*

Catharine, however, destroyed the liberties, despoiled the revenues, gangrened the vital, rational, and political functions of the once happy kingdom of Poland—By what means? Surely by means of British gold! received under a solemn promise that 70,000 men in arms should forthwith be sent to the Rhine to co-operate with the troops of other potentates there and thereabouts stationed. Perfidious as that transaction was, Pitt endeavoured to effect a re-union.

\* Believe it, Sovereign, nor that on my single authority, that a certain subject of these kingdoms is supposed to be in the pay of Russia and Prussia; and that while he subsidizes those in the name of the King of England, they, in their own names and by virtue of their *own* authorities, have appropriated a certain sum per annum to his individual use; payable out of, and during their sovereignty over, the kingdom of Poland. One good turn, faithful Reader, deserves another!

A treaty

A treaty, or rather the insignias of a treaty of commerce is accordingly entered into, and ratified on the part of Great Britain and Russia. By this contract, Catharine stipulated for certain privileges and contributions. George, in like manner, received, on his part, drafts and emblems of most magnificent future advantages; pourtrayed on found Siberian dog-skin parchment with the best Ockzakow ink. Into the merits and demerits of this treaty I shall not here enter much more at large: contenting myself with observing that its virtues, like those of Catharine, have not as yet dashed the cup of political life; that they never shall is my firm unbiassed belief.

Libels on characters exalted either for their probity or virtue would ill-become the dignity of a rational soul; in every situation, under every influence, whether surrounded by spies, or elated by the example of patriot friends, it is incumbent on the truly upright man to speak the undissembled language of his heart: I would not, my Liege, hazard one assertion without equivalent and obvious proof. In the present case the Empress derives that merited censure from my integrity, not any preconceived malice or instant temerity. Of all sorts of men, and all sorts of actions, I wish to say and to think liberally.

War in itself never will extort eulogium from me. Sincerely and unequivocally I abhor murderers; and the generals of despot armies, according to the etymology of the laws of federalism and social union, truly are a species of man-killers. In a cause universally admitted to be just, I could risk my all of life and property. To defend tyrants

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I would not however raise my arm ; God forbid. For such would be positive treason against Heaven.

Brunswick's mighty General, who pillaged the houses of the German peasantry, of not only their best effects, but actually kidnapped the inhabitants themselves, begun the first campaign of the present war with France. *Pope*, as he seemed to be in the arts of war, his bulls preceded the military chest. Louis the 16th, of unfortunate memory, was then nominal King of France : unused to slavery in his own person, that degraded Prince countenanced the proceedings of the allies. Prussia, whose mercenary Prince had made previous conquests in Poland, rather declined the contest. But diplomatic chicanery at length inspired his soul ; thus his supineness, though said to arise from inability, vanished at the sight of English gold. I pretend not to say that Frederick of Prussia contracted with Frederick of York for a five million loan.

Be this as it may, the Prussian troops under every disadvantage, are now marched against Mentz, while Brunswick is in the road to Paris. Our mighty Duke, whose fame spread terror and dismay around, was accordingly received on the frontiers of France by Dumourier.

This General, whose commission emanated indirectly from Louis XVI. arranged the troops of France under the banners of that King. Haughty and warlike as the foldiers of Alexander, the army of the empire soon displayed their burnished front. Now in sight of danger, and disposed to share the trophies of a bloodless victory, your Majesty's good and faithful cousin signified a wish to *treat* with Dumourier.



mourier. BRIBE however was not *yet* agreeable to the Frenchman, but proved, on the contrary, introductory to an attack. The lines were accordingly formed.

On this memorable day, when the power of the Empire, and the strength of France, when royal Generals, and long experienced soldiers were opposed to plebeian commanders and liberty inspired troops; when Europe dismayed, waited with peculiar anxiety to embrace the papal standard of a relentless Empire; when heaven and earth seemed big as it were with the fate of kingdoms, and the claims of man—Yes! On that day Brunswick fought his safety in flight!!

Instead of reaching Paris, he found that only the skirts of Gemappe could be gained. Here that important victory was obtained: here the boundaries of Brunswick's glory were fixed: and here too the French, had they followed their success judiciously, might have consolidated their liberties forever. Because, in such a case, the discomfiture of the plans of the allies would have been inevitable. Yet Dumourier, like Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ, misimproved that brilliant day. Brilliant indeed was the achievement of an attack so grand and successful. How much more so, had dignified and temperate zeal, instead of frivolous and unsoldier-like levity alone distinguished the event. But man, unmindful man, loses this moment what he acquired the last. Even in matters of religion it is so: for a sermon, however well expressed, enters the docile mind agreeably and vanishes unfelt. Morality again inculcates rectitude in our dealings one with another: an axiom full

of beauty, but often disregarded. In short that imbecility, incident even to the great, occasioned a protraction of the war. Perhaps your Majesty will think me undutiful, when I suggest my apprehensions concerning its issue. Really every day pregnates with misery and engenders sorrow.

Victorious as your gallant son was, the possession of Valenciennes could not long be retained. Condé surrendered to the allies; but the Republicans, invigorated even by defeat, soon regained that fortress. Two shining examples of British valour and British imprudence.

Had a sufficient garrison been left in Valenciennes and Condé, they might have continued in the possession of the allied armies to this moment. But England, my Liege, has to boast only of intemperance abroad, indecisiveness at home, puerile Ministers and college-bred Generals; not steady vigor, not prompt communications, not prudent and experienced Generals to distinguish a career of glory.

Vain, petulant, yet subtle, without fear of disgrace or regard of truth, the prototype of the Scotch Lord Justice Clerk, planned an attack upon Dunkirk. To enable General, the Duke of York, to perform this duty, a draft is made from the garrisons of Condé and Valenciennes; thus leaving those towns defenceless. Dunkirk is however actually besieged, and the sortie of Maubeuge follows—Glorious sortie! where thousands fell: where cannons were left spiked and mutilated; to deify the laurels of fancifulism.

Immediately after the defeat at Dunkirk, his Royal Highness fled off with his veterans to the relief of Furnes: here too his ill fortune attended him. Instead of effecting a  
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junction with the allies, he found that a retreat to Holland was hardly practicable. Here however the British arrived, and here dissention and indiscretion arrived also : for no sooner was a general council of war called, than sycophant punctilios began to be imposed: even the brothers by marriage proposed to become combatants by the sword.

Warm from the tendril surface of the heart those volitions of hereditary honor and sword-knot virtue soon vanished. Compulsory prudence instantly dilated the hotspur ardor of *ducal* folly! And having adjusted the etiquette *à la militaire*, affairs began to wear a more agreeable aspect: but it was not till after Colonel Mack arrived at our court that your Majesty began to entertain certain hopes of ultimate success. This able and sage officer concerted measures so adroitly that the Parisians *must* surrender, with all their treasures, in one *short* month. It was even so: nay, in less time they yielded themselves, their confidence, and their treasures, into the hands of—Roberfpierre! Colonel Mack was accordingly rewarded: five thousand pounds and travelling expences having been disbursed to his order by Ministers. On this memorable occasion, your Majesty's magnanimity illumined the whole British continent!—While the poor were starving, you graciously condescended to make Colonel Mack a present of a gold snuff-box.

Yielding their eyes, minds, brains, hands, and cartouch-boxes to the controul of the Imperialists, our veteran and hardy troops, our hoary and experienced Generals, (of whom there were a few!) now rally round the standard of that *snuff beaten* Colonel. To him every knee must bow and

every tongue give praise—For so said your Majesty. To him every Frenchman must yield—So said the Emperor ! To him, however, Heaven would not submit her insulted children—No.—God and angels inspire the councils and guide the battles of Frenchmen. Why then, my Sovereign, why pray to God to prosper your arms against the children of Israel ? “ *Frenchmen* never will be slaves ! ”

Splendid victories may be obtained, but what are the laurels of a murderous campaign compared to the trophies of universal peace ? Earl Howe triumphed on the first of June ; the glory of Lord Bridport soon followed. What has the nation, the impoverished British nation, acquired by those brilliant displays of her naval superiority ? an accumulation of domestic misery and foreign malice ! I have already traced the causes of our interference in the affairs of France both to a *mechanical* lust of dominion and *necessary* predilection for despotism. Viewing the conduct of the cabinet in contradistinction to the advantages gained by our fleets, politicians will suppose that Mr. Pitt and Lord Mansfield glut after the spoils not honors of war. Long trains of vicious dependants, vast and unwieldy hoards of Scots beggars, myriads of the unchristian children of an idolatrous clergy, Aye the valet of the valet of the pimp of a spie has purloined our *hard wrought* for English gold at the hazard of England’s ruin.

In proof of these assertions, can any thing be more apposite than the infamous proceedings of the English at Toulon :—where Spain, whose fleet had assisted at the reduction of that place, was insulted and betrayed. On this occasion her  
chief



chief Admiral, Langara, naturally repugnant to unprincipled coadjutors, appealed to his Sovereign on the subject of Hood's treachery; and the representative of Alfred was impeached by the tyrants of Peru. But whether the pressure of circumstances more immediately interesting, or that of conviction of guilt actuated the conduct of Ministers, certain it is, that, as an ally, we shrunk from our duty on the occasion. Far from attempting to refute, we sought to confirm and aggravate the charge. It has been said that tenderness for the *exclusive* claims of our *generous* officers alone induced the premier to approve of his *cousin* Hood's conduct. Party as Spain was in the war, this could not but rouse her indignation. Our apparent lust of unqualified aggrandizement provoked her jealousy. To us, the taking of Toulon was the losing of Madrid; for the King of Spain residing in that capital was our royal friend. In losing the confidence of the Monarch we must forgoe the assistance of his slaves.—Men, not stones and mortar, constitute the negociable part of a town or country.

Hood, so characteristic of his progenitor Robin, of marauding memory, spurned Langara. While the Spaniard, whose communications always breathed friendship and magnanimity, asserted the dignity of his flag. Thus our vaunting ministers and buccaneer Admirals provoked Charles of Spain to a disunion with George of Britain.—I did say *buccaneer*—the event under consideration warrants the charge. What but the spoils of war could have animated the soul of a Hood—whose bravery could hardly bring him home.—

Whose impudent cowardice would not permit him to return to his post.

But France, who in the mean time anticipated a coolness between the two courts, adapted her politics to our imprudence. Laying the foundation of their present amity, those powers mutually embraced sentiments of disregard and contempt for the cabinet of St. James's: nor does his Spanish Majesty cease to cultivate the illustrious friendship of the French republic. I know not whether that Prince is as religious as your Majesty, but certainly he is as much the friend of mankind. King Louis the XVIth. of France, and King Charles the IVth. of Spain were cousins. Soon after the *murder* of the former Monarch Spain went to war, but is now at peace with the Gallic nation. A trivial dispute between two ship-masters of Spain and Great Britain gave rise to the Nootka Sound armament already mentioned. A capital defection of communed principle gave rise to an *axiom extraordinary*, that "ENGLAND WILL CONQUER FRANCE *sooner* WITHOUT THAN WITH ALLIES." This axiom, so new in politics, perhaps yet unknown to logicians, is altered and amended, as are all the schemes of Pitt, according to the necessities of the Cabinet. To-day we are told of the advantages gained by our ally, the Emperor; to-morrow, we can do better without him. If a Secretary at war happens, at any time, to drink six or seven bottles of wine more than his usual dinner allowance, the *face* of affairs instantly *assumes* a glowing and animating complexion. In one of these celestial reveries, the son of Adam will assert that Paradise was not a garden but a fish-pond. To this Mr. Pitt sometimes subscribes;

subscribes; and, mistaking the back door to Mr. Dundas's apartments in the Navy Office, hurries to the Green Park to angle for cod. Disappointed here, the scene of the next lake probably opens with a view of a bed-chamber. Charmed to behold his wig and cassock, the Premier awakes big with the wonders of Paradise. Many such landscapes diversify the nocturnal excursions of that warlike man. On those skirmishing routs it was that Windham found the way to conquer. Spain laid in the tract: regardless of the ties of honor and obligations of truth, he quarrelled with her Generals: such whose integrity he could not fully he impeached. It was thus we discovered that our allies protracted the ruin of France.

In seceding from the alliance, the conduct of the court of Spain commands the approbation of every honest man. Your Majesty, who cannot but wish to be supposed in the number of the upright, has no doubt admired her noble contempt of your unfaithful ministers. For myself, I can applaud the virtues of any one: whether a slave or a despot, what in his life is worthy I admire.

Frederick of Prussia and Francis of Germany have performed no actions in the whole course of their past political life which merit the applause of any one. The former swindled the English nation of goods and money; the latter with only the small additional compliment of a charter party, has done your Majesty's stock-holders the Imperial honor of borrowing six millions sterling of their money, on the security of dominions said to yield an annual revenue of £.15,000 and worth eighteen years purchase; so that in case of a sale  
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of that estate, the difference in favour of the Emperor will be £.3,730,000. Should his Imperial Majesty decline bringing that estate to market, the lenders will most certainly expect to be reimbursed either by your Majesty or the persons called your Ministers. Even the deficiency (£.3,730,000) will be demanded of both or either. Commissary Watfon has, it is said, realized one million sterling in the course of *his* services on the continent. His successor cannot yet have acquired quite so much; but if we may be permitted to judge of the present by the past, Le Mesurier will amass a proportionate sum. The fortunes of these patriots added to those of Messrs. Dundas, Rose, and so on, to the end of an hundred quarto pages, will more than refund the deficiency of that loan to the Emperor! Indeed the peculations of the King of Prussia may, and ought to be placed to the account of the majority of the members voting for war in the two Houses of Parliament. To whose shame be it ever published, *THAT the elective Representatives of Great Britain have disclaimed and disregarded the petitions and authority of their constituents; APPROPRIATING THE NATIONAL PURSE TO INDIVIDUAL PURPOSES.* Oh, Æra Sublime of virtuous Liberty!

Abandoned to the sword of the law, those who have traduced our national character, whose whole political life is one continued series of opposition to truth, who either directly or collusively assert, nay deify corruption—defended by their equals in infamy, but superiors in impudence—who have unclothed the hungry and denied food to the naked; unroofing the peaceful hovel, with a view first to dismay  
and



and ultimately kidnap its unambitious owner, devoting the partner of his past joys but now enhancer of his sorrows, to each ruthless tyranny of haughty fate—nor her alone ! Eight breadless children, an aged mother and disabled fire mingle their death-capped tears ; while the faithful ox, impatient of the crib, imbibes the spreading gloom and stamps the pensive ground.—Alas, my Sovereign ! the guilt of your servants, now extending universally, thus distracts the creatures and insults their God. But know, the sword of the law may yet imbrue the scaffold or the lamp-post with their blood.

Yet, however justice may demand vengeance on those offending against her precepts, in no case would I desire the sacrifice of human life, except where murder had been previously committed by the accused. Moses very humanely, and I think wisely, gave it as law to the Israelites, not to slay peculators. With him, however, life for life was a sovereign maxim. The lawgivers of the present day no doubt believe that Moses had his commission sent to him from above. Judging from effect to cause, the most liberal-minded among us, who have perused the reports of causes adjudged in the Scotch Court of Justiciary, in the years 1793, 4 and 5, cannot but imagine the successors of Moses have received *their* commissions from below. Appointed to distribute justice in mercy, the Lords of your Majesty's law benches will doubtless say—" This is more than life for life. The prisoner at the bar (meaning the Chancellor of the Exchequer) has conspired against and destroyed the lives of thousands. *Ergo*, His single life is not an equivalent ransom for the lives of so many." To these fractional gentlemen

men, philosophers will reply, " When the prisoner at the bar discontinues his sinful practices, honestly abjures the devil and all his crafts, confesses his sins, and claims the protection of God and his country, Englishmen will obliterate his manifold crimes from the book of their remembrance, and recommend his soul to the grace of Heaven."

Such amiable sentiments, such godly philanthropists warm and elate the mind; our senses exhilarate with natal joys, and the culprit stands half acquitted in our eyes. Doctrine so generous, so noble, so divine, easily interest the magnanimous and brave. Your Majesty, so imminently humane, will at once adopt the sentiment. It however is necessary to pourtray the life of that political wonder generally, ere complete acquiescence can be given to propositions and suggestions so truly sublime, and, with their limitations, so politically just.

His unprovoked persecution of the advocates of reform, his indirect declaration of war against the French nation, his *gold hook* treasons and silver-arrow commotions, abetted, *but not contrived*, by the civilians of Newgate and St. Giles's; these, and many such remain to be delineated and their probable consequences foretold. In vain does your Highness believe that treacherous man. The sovereignty of Brittany and Champaign may be among the laurels of his inebrious dreams—He never will, behold the arms of these provinces quartered with those of Great Britain!

Property begins to lose much of its operation and influence on the rational part of mankind. Daily improvements in the knowledge of arts, sciences, and true religion, cause progressive

gressive changes in the state of society. So soon as operative reason has stamped the worship of the true God with her beneficent and illumining seal, the power of working miracles will be resolved into that of living thoroughly virtuous, free from dissimulation and abounding in mercy. France bounds impetuous over the volume of her past errors. Reason every where impresses the indelible maxims of universal liberty: superstition and error vanish in their turn. Of this, Guadelope is an apposite example.

We pronounced the emancipation of that oppressed colony impolitic, ill-timed, and inhumane. Now, however, the impolicy, inaptitude, and cruelty of the measure, is never once urged against the Convention. It was not impolitic, ill-timed, and inhumane, but the contrary. What have the colonials done—massacred the whites?—No! They punished their tyrants. We in England have courts of law; to these we refer our actions for battery and assault. In Guadelope, however, there were no tribunals to which the negroes could appeal except the tablets of the hearts of their incorrigible drivers. Over these, mercy never dawned; in their breasts, benevolence never cheered one solitary virtue, humanity never roused a sigh. To whom then must the negroes refer their cause?—God and the Convention! Yes, my Liege, to these and their own indignant but manly souls they made one solemn and general appeal; and, with as much magnanimity as if they had been born sons of Emperors and educated at European courts, consigned the guilty to their fate: protecting, nevertheless, such of their masters as had at any time shewn them mercy.

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The West India Colonies, proclaim to the world that France shall not be conquered: and Corsica, though governed by an English Viceroy, is yet a republic. In all instances, amidst every vicissitude of a painful revolution, your Majesty has observed that France desires only to be free. What, magnanimous Prince, what so invaluable as liberty? What, tell me what so charming in theory and felicitous in practice? Heavens! I could plunge into oceans of boiling lead to save my country. He is no patriot, who would seek his own personal gratification in a people's ruin.

Louis the XVIth. whose fate I most sincerely deplore, to whose innocence I am ready to bear witness—Ah Louis! to your innocence, nay, to the many virtues which adorned your life I heartily subscribe—but, you alas! *you* inherited prejudices; capricious Ministers advised you to the performance of a positive violation of the social compact:—Their heads, not your's, ought to have answered for the crimes of a disorganized reign! King George the Third would do better in rejecting, than adopting the views and measures of a vicious Minister.—France never will be conquered against her will. Englishmen never need be slaves against their inclination.

Equal representation, and every emblem of virtuous legislation signalized the submission of Paoli and his party. Why withhold from Englishmen, what the Corsicans enjoy protected by our arms? Probably it will be said that corruption cannot exist where poverty prevails. The Corsicans are indeed poor: at any rate they cannot pay the expences of their

new



new government. When they can—pensions, sinecures, and taxes, will no doubt abound!

Great Britain, whose debts far exceed the fee simple of her territories cannot long exist in credit. The schedule of taxation is now under my eye.—Tremble, O ye people; your houses, your lofty houses threaten desolation. Affiliated with the Empress as we are, your Majesty may be assured every advantage will be taken of the approaching embarrassments of your subjects. Stanislaus was not only the King, but the source of happiness in Poland. What is he now? A patriot in chains! Beware, my Liege, the soul of the Czarina pants after dominion. A revolution in England is a possible thing. Should aggravated insults disunite and inflame the loyal Britons, your life may not be endangered, but your crown will! If events terminate unfavourable, and that you are compelled to exclaim “A kingdom for a horse!” I fear Catharine will abandon your cause to the mercy of your enemies.

It is very true, that a seeming kind, friendship subsisted between your Majesty and the Empress during the whole of the first Russian and Turkish war. England then co-operated both with ships and money: thus enabling the Czarina to combat the power of the Porte effectually, as well as to pave the way to the ultimate conquest of Oczakow. When however the united forces of France and Spain, I may say the whole southern hemisphere, were against us, Russia would not assist your Majesty with either man or ship. The reduction of Oczakow and the other possessions of the Crimea, above alluded to, so much annoyed your Majesty’s Ministers that her conduct on that occasion was declared to be an indirect

direct violation of the liberties of Europe. Yet that unprincipled defection of our interests, which, though the war with America was unjust and impolitic, nevertheless evinced the cupidity natural to the court of Petersburg, did not provoke an armament. True, we were in arms against France, Spain, and America, at the time, and of course little prepared to send a navy to Scotland to amuse and entertain the people there. Critical, indeed, was the then situation of the balance of power, but Lord North, with all his faults, was not so impudently capricious as the son of Chatham. Nevertheless your Majesty even at that period of your life, might have profited by the experiment; nor sully the dignity of your Crown by coalescing with a traitor. Traitorous, indeed, was the haughty silence of the Empress—since then aggravated by many more acts as flagrantly imperious.

In the year 1780 her armed neutrality \*, projected in royal contempt of *our will*, and that too in the heat and heart of the

\* Though this armed neutrality gave considerable offence to Great Britain, a more useful measure never was projected by any sovereign. In future the powers of Europe, in case of a war between any two of them, will not be able to annoy a neutral nation. On the contrary, the subjects as well as trade of any neutral state will be held sacred, inasmuch that the powers at war, should they evince a disposition to obstruct the trade or subjects of those in a state of armed neutrality, cannot do it with impunity.

The treaty recently ratified at Philadelphia, on the part of your Majesty and the American states, embraces the singular advantages obtained by commercial countries ever since that armed neutrality. Though I wish not to dissemble that there have and that there will many essential advantages accrue to trading nations from that piece of policy, I am not prepared to compliment the Empress on any predetermined design of doing good to mankind.—Her only motive for adopting the measure was—accession of power!

the American war, was an overtact of indelible perfidy. If any proofs of supreme sagacity, joined to unparalleled treachery, were wanting to embellish the history of crowns, her Majesty, the Empress, afforded it on that ever memorable occasion. But we heard in silence and rebuked her not. Certainly Jesus Christ recommends benevolence, charity, and devotion. As the head of *our* church on earth, your Majesty, should any one dare to smite you on the left cheek, would most undoubtedly turn the right cheek to be smitten in like manner. So would the benevolence of thine heart outshine the crosier and the taper. On these principles you were known to treat with your good sister of Russia, but be careful, my Sovereign, lest after smiting thee upon the cheek, the blow should double thy shoulders. A caution which I humbly submit to every crowned head in Europe.

Poland, ill fated Poland, destroyed and dismembered, is monumental of the arrogance of the inexorable Russians. Sullenly austere and inflexibly unjust, the Empress of all the Russias *commanded* the amiable Stanislaus to quit his kingdom and resign his crown. This Prince, for virtue and integrity, equalled only by your Majesty, was accordingly translated from the palace and the councils of an adoring and free people to the prison, and the slanders of an impious and usurping despot. His Washington-like general Kozoisckou, likewise experienced her avenging tyranny; while Warsaw in chains echoed the groans, the heaven-directed groans of captive virtue! And what, alas, was your conduct on the occasion:—even turned thy right cheek and was smitten. Compromising the insult under colour of a treaty offensive and defensive.

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By this treaty certain stipulations are guaranteed, and certain subsidies granted: swarms of Russian soldiers are to be sent to the Rhine, in exchange for myriads of English guineas, part already transmitted, and part to be paid on demand.

Portentous as these events are, with regard to their probable consequences, it may be my duty to leave your Majesty to the contemplations of your more cool and deliberate moments. Hazardous indeed are all anterior opinions on subjects whose respondent issue is deeply involved in the mysticism of time. Judging events that may be by those that did happen, men generally consider the present state of such affairs as relate to the past causes of certain actions. Judging of Catharine and her court in the year 1795, I am led back to the period of the American war already mentioned. On this occasion your Majesty received only threats and insolence in return for the many and good offices Great Britain had rendered the Empress in her first Turkish war; so that instead of friendship we have experienced treachery. Perhaps the squadron of armed cruizers now in our seas, would not have been sent thither had the Czarina been required to do it at her own expence. The dismemberment of Poland is an invincible argument against Russian honor.

Foreign connections have always proved destructive of English liberty. Saxons, Germans, Hessians, and Hanoverians, have alternately shared the honor of imposing Kings on Britain. We remember an attempt recently made by a certain great officer of state to ingraft Electoral fashions and the creatures of Electoral despotism on the fair branches of English freedom: the assailants were however repulsed. At that  
time



time existing laws were found sufficient. Laws there certainly are which preclude the subjects of foreign Princes, under the general description of aliens, from the enjoyment of the rights of citizenship in England. This likewise involves the troops of foreign countries. And whenever the time has arrived that Englishmen are summoned to yield their inalienable rights to alien *Maroons*, I trust my country will enforce that unequivocal law: not only against those who are aliens by birth, but in tenfold degree against the many who are natives by birth but damnable aliens by practice.

During the whole of that strenuous opposition which that *lawless* proposal to land Hessian troops in England provoked, the conduct of the administrative government negatived indirectly, the *then* constitutional rights of the subject.

With regard therefore to the free admission of Russian soldiers into the territories of Great Britain, it is self-evident that such a measure would be, an express declaration of war, on the part of the *administrative* government of *Downing-street*, against the British people.

I will admit that a treaty, in what concerns the parties therein *virtuously* described, is morally binding, and ought to be observed *by those so described* with religious sanctity. But as no rational being, possessing a prior knowledge, that on signing such a paper he subscribes to have his natural and social rights taken from him, would become a party; I conclude that the people of England are not and cannot be bound by any treaty, however specious, having that for its object. Even Mr. Pitt will subscribe to this doctrine, while he subsidises Russia and the Empire.

But however triple alliances may be solemnly adopted, I am certain that Englishmen will not submit to the controul of alien-despots. Charles the Second, ill-fated Prince ! ought to be remembered by the Kings of England for ever. Conspirators of every kind have found that Britons can spurn a tyrant-subject as successfully as a tyrant King.

Englishmen have ever been loyal, even to a fault. They venerate the person, prerogative, and crown of a good King. And the Sovereign who enjoys the love of such a people is *truly* placed beyond the reach of human laws. Nevertheless no man, however exalted his station, shall destroy the liberties of Englishmen with impunity.

At present the qualms of hope and despondency disarm many an active mind. Patriotism lowers over the dull and phlegmatic horizon of mental apathy. Children mewling to be fed, while the parents seem to gnaw nature with sighs ; manufactures decayed, and trade monopolized ; alas ! a thousand unparalleled evils now harraßs the independent soul. When these have a little abated, tyranny, superstition, and error must vanish. Britons, my Sovereign, regard their heaven-derived freedom as the angels in Heaven adore and love their and our God. Defend it we shall, against every impious combination of every kind. No long line of hereditary prejudices, no admiration of the private virtues of an ill-advised King, no ; not the cries of sedition shall retard freemen in their progress to truth. To every man who thinks, it must be obvious, that our very climate, our soil, manners, choice of amusements ; our discoveries ; the inventions with which we are most pleased ; those institutions we delight in  
encouraging

encouraging—Yes! the frame of an Englishman is that of an organized system of humanity, sincerity, honor, liberty and truth! Why then, my Sovereign, why desire to affiliate in object with the Lady of the North. It may contaminate your virtues though it cannot obliterate our loyalty.

Too many, alas! are the circumstances which at present conspire to render loyalty trite and common place. And some, less faithful than capricious, will perhaps say, that, details such as I have here under taken, instead of encouraging to temperate manly perseverance in the cause of truth, tend to provoke unconquerable disaffection. Provoke what it will, I am determined to make my sentiments known to your Majesty, and the country. How, zealously attached as I am, to the friends and advocates of practical liberty, can I help cherishing sincere and lively sentiments of regard and loyalty towards you? Certain transactions fully vindicate the past conduct of certain men. Had the advice of some among them been acted upon individuals who at this moment rank high in your Majesty's esteem, should have long since been distinguished only by their merited degradation. Advised to the adoption of particular servants, your Majesty's royal interests have been neglected and betrayed. The country groaning under oppressions of every kind, presents a sad picture of the wickedness of the administrative body. Though crops of wheat, barley, and oats, as abundant, perhaps, as any ever known, was gathered in only in August last, yet wheaten bread is now sold in our markets at the famine-boding price of 1s 1½d. per quartern loaf. This, and the certainty of a weekly advance on that and every other article of subsistence, must fearfully impress every feeling mind.

What deepens the horrors of this melancholy scene beyond every known disaster of former periods is, that orphans, widows, mothers, grave-declining fathers, and manacled brothers, mingle the tears of filial grief with the more dilapidating floods which flow in the silvery current of bleak-eyed poverty. Expectant on the absent sire, the orphan and the widow thus conjoin the tears of the fatherless with those of the naked and the hungry. Great God of Nature, source of light and life, invisible cause of visible entity, creator of man, disposer of crowns; Oh, Majesty Supreme of intelligent miracles, to thee, to thee most benignant and merciful Deity, I appeal on the iniquity of mortal man! Thine awful nod brought worlds into existence, worlds and adorers of worlds must vanish at thy command. This instant I write, presently I die. Alas! such the tenor, the fleeting tenor of earthly possessions and of earthly crowns! Here, here at my breast, tremendously barbed, death's bloody arrow hangs. It flutters in my breath, watchful of each opening pore. My pulse beats high: my nerves relax: trepidation seizes the haughty soul! Ah, my Sovereign, ah how dismal, yet how certain is death——! Would to God I could inspire a sense of the common danger: that my voice could reach the remote chamber of the slumbering monarch: that I could arouse man to the contemplation of man. "Man, futile man! to day a Prince, to-morrow an inanimate mass of humors and mortality --- He dies! and, stript of all his earthly grandeur, is translated from the palace of the monarch to the mansions of the dead!" Reflect and read again———!!! Nothing so much interests



terests man as the acknowledged fatality incident to humanity. Did Princes frequently compassionate with other men; did philosophers appeal to their personal feelings when they survey vast animate space; did the warlike veteran for a moment start back from beholding the doubtful battle; did men seriously reflect that they are *mere men*, millions of specie, and tons upon tons of our national produce would not have been sent to feed despot legions, nor lavished at home on the creatures of popery. The emigrant French have invariably shared those exclusive comforts which only free-born English ought to enjoy. The English are not an avaricious but generous people. They would and did participate their bread and beer with these miserable fugitives; but government, less virtuous and less humane, have torn the husband from the side of the wife to fight the battles of gorgeous and coward Frenchmen. Oh, King George! how serious and how dread the crimes of thy Ministers. What massacre of English humanity! what devastation of Britain's loyal sons! By the Gods, I tremble for your crown in common with freedom and my country.

Your Majesty can boast of being the only King of England that ever reigned in the midst of superlative prosperity and unrivalled adversity. These extremes you have lived to see, and may yet be permitted to ride the storms of revolution and reform. Revolution, in mens sentiments, I heartily wish for. That revolution, however, which abounds only in anarchy and impetuous homicide, I disavow, and would contribute my whole rational and animal powers to avert.

But those deeply indented wounds which English liberty and English wealth have received, cannot be healed by the

application of milk and water cataplasms. Rooted in their aversion to an unprincipled Minister, the cries of the nation must reach the throne. Reform is the watch-word of all, while priest-craft and villainy seem to mean only one and the same thing. In such times the safety of your Majesty's person, children, and government, depends, not on the number of armed men in your pay; not on the quantities of cannon and cannon ball in store; not on magazines, and well garrisoned forts, but on the degrees of benevolence, wisdom, and justice which mark your public life.

The ill success of the war amounts to the proposition fairly asserted and invariably defended by the minority in your two houses of parliament—namely, that this was and is an UNJUST and UNNECESSARY WAR. UNJUST, because the French, however the memorable decree of the 23d November 1792 did import a declaration of war against royalty, were, from the earliest commencement of the revolution, ingenuous and friendly in their communications with the English people. The crusade of the Princes of the empire provoked that decree: for, headed by the Emperor, these certainly were the prejudiced friends of royalty in arms, against the generous reformers of French monarchy. From friends to monarchy, desperate indignation changed the sons of Gallia into enthusiastic republicans. It was in this inebrious æra of the revolution that that decree passed the convention. And why take up arms against a people just awakened from the cruel dream of slavery, in the morning of their fleeting enthusiasm. Had your Majesty, on this occasion, sent *wise and temperate* ambassadors to the King of France, the virulence of that imprudent decree would

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have been disavowed, if not wholly cancelled. Such patriotic benevolence would have prevented the invasion of Holland, Nay the Emperor, with his legions, perceiving the reality of our friendship towards France, must have declined the contest. Thus would Europe, united in amicable magnanimity, have to congratulate your Majesty on being the deliverer of Lewis the XVIth, who might then well be stiled "King and restorer of French liberty." But, alas, the season is now past! We are at WAR; and how to make a peace that will equally embrace the interests of the English people, and those of the French republic, is now the question. Chimerical schemes of impracticable descents will not do: your Majesty must meet the French with sentiments of unfeigned esteem. Conscious of having mistaken the justice of their cause, you must honestly confess your upright contrition for going to war at all. Blot out their recorded errors: they will obliterate the inscribed follies of your people, and the crimes of your servants. Let me intreat you, my Sovereign, to act decisively in this omenous crisis of your reign.

Holland rejected our co-operation; the Stadtholder and his party now moulder into insignificance; while the Generals of the French republic are projecting and establishing a new form of government for the states general.

Formerly we were accustomed to hear of daily embarkations of French Emigrant troops, under the command of the Earl of Moira. Recently an embarkation of part of them was actually made under the direction of Puisfay, a profligate Count of the proscribed French family of that name. Quiberon

beron dignified the brows of that coadjutor of your Majesty's war-minister with defeat, accompanied with circumstances of additional disgrace. At the time general Hoche was escorting the convoys of British stores left at Quiberon Bay to the granaries of the French republic, our plebeian fellow-men at home were starving!

Reviewing the conduct of that peccant ex-noble, the already-mentioned Puissay, I must candidly confess I doubt, greatly doubt his sincerity. Many indeed suppose that he risked the lives of his companions in hopes that their fall would procure him the sale of their Commissions. Of the truth of this fact *Secretary Windham* and the *Count* will be able to inform your Majesty.

Reverting to that period of the war when Holland was most in danger, many singular and important facts occur to my recollection. Among them is that of a vast quantity of corn having been transported hence thither. This happened at a time when the Spital-field weavers, the major part of them at least, were in a preparatory state of absolute starvation. Trifling subscriptions were indeed opened, and sparingly filled by those very corn factors whose treasonable but protected commerce brought the nation to the verge of famine. In this crisis every popular demagogue echoed the sentiments of senatorial jobbers; while committee after committee apprised your Majesty's Ministers of the probable consequences.

The reports of these committees met with apparent deference, and every thing flattering was *to be done*. Yet *free* exportation and *illicit* contracts followed those parliamentary orgies in rapid succession; and not till the last harvest was gathered in and secured, did the imperious sway of poverty cease to prevail



prevail. At that eventful period, bread certainly fell in price ; yet the quality of the flower was wholly disproportionate both to the season and the rate per bushel.

After prudent and well timed suggestions on the hardship that would inevitably attend general scarcity, after witnessing the many popular evils which passed in daily succession in our streets, and by our doors ; after loud and reiterated complaints from every quarter of the kingdom ; when association after association, and subscription upon subscription was formed for the avowed purpose of affording *temporary* assistance to the starving many ; when even your Majesty's Privy Council had solemnly published and declared their sense of the then actual existing scarcity, and approaching famine : recommending certain regulations approved of by themselves to be adopted by the whole nation.—After this for a War Minister to contract with a City Cornfactor for every bushel of corn, &c. he could purchase—some say plunder ; to receive one shilling sterling per-bushel on delivery, of every bushel of corn, &c. so procured : what, I say, after all this is your Highness to infer from the conduct of your servants.

*Thine to reprove while I their crimes relate ;*

*Unmix'd with envy, unalloy'd with fear.*

What need is there of invention to delineate a canvass thus chequered with the most unequivocal signs of the most deliberate treason. We all know that a scarcity did exist previous to the gathering-in of the last harvest ; knowing this, what are we to infer from the wanton cruelty of a peculating administration,  
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but one of two intentions.—Either your Majesty's Ministers have predetermined to starve Englishmen into a surrender of their liberties, or, in case of failing in that attempt, employ secret agents to *buy up*, and *monopolize* the corn; in order to their having the exclusive privilege of trading with the enemies of their country. Both these cases occur to many as being not only probable, but the *a priori*, and virtual schemes of Ministers. True there are those who resolve the fact into another third probability, which is, that our good and humane politicians in the *tory*-interest in England have supposed that in proportion as bread in our markets increases in price, and decreases in quantity, foreigners will be invited to import corn into our ports. The immense bounties proposed to be given, may have such an operation upon the French markets. But is it not slender, and short sighted policy for Pitt to imagine that France cannot offer, (for to offer is not to give) greater bounties than even impudent *Ryder* can propose. *Whoever bids highest gains the prize.* The forced loan in France will enable the Convention to out-bid St. James's, and thus those weapons with which Pitt and his colleagues expect to destroy the French people, may yet turn, in all the stagnated horrors of a blood imbrued *Lioness*, upon your Majesty's puerile servants—if not upon the royal household. On my political honor I do not wish for Mr. Pitt, though perhaps the least humane and virtuous of mankind, to die hungry,—let him live. Where there is life there is hope.

Notwithstanding the atrocity, notwithstanding the *glorious* wretchedness of that man's political conduct; notwithstanding

standing that circular letters dictated by him, were sent from Secretary Portland's office, to the several Lords Lieutenants, &c. of the different counties of England and Scotland : containing schedules of reports to be sent by them to the committee in the Commons, with a view, as has since been divulged, to corroborate his *false* assertions respecting the *true* quantity of wheat reaped last harvest ;—notwithstanding these facts, now so generally known, there is one I have yet to mention, which will readily appear to your Majesty more deeply infamous than even the most flagitious of those transactions.

A PUBLIC FUNCTIONARY, *now the most exalted in the City of London, was accused not long since of trading with the French nation, not merely upon corn contracts but with bullion.*

Public derision added to private contempt, soon compelled that worthy Magistrate to resort to the unworthy associates of his confirmed guilt for a character. Gentlemen so truly disinterested and virtuous as those were, could not fail to command universal credit. The morning following the impeachment of their chief, they posted up bills in his vindication, in every coffee house, and in every street adorned with the signatures of *the united cornfactors to the National Convention*. The whole vanished on the evening breeze, and the accused had the satisfaction next morning to be told by “ a good honest fellow, his barber, that he (meaning the Alderman) was not sent to the Tower.” On a review of these circumstances, every honest man must shrink and tremble. Anticipating the dreadful catastrophe they certainly portend, Englishmen will, for they must, spurn all power. For myself, gracious Sire, I know not how to reconcile  
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the criminality of such proceedings with the known subsisting connection between the chief actors in those scenes, and the chief actors in your Majesty's cabinet. One thing must be true—*Pitt* will not hazard a prosecution against *Curtis*, lest the latter should adduce Scotts contract with Windham in exculpation. Certain it is that the Magistrate is cornfactor to the Convention, and Pitt, baker to Louis the XVIIIth. Charette, Puiffa, &c.

These are some of the many unhappy advantages Englishmen have derived from this war of Kings ; advantages which, though truly inauspicious as to their intrinsic demerits, yet have an obvious tendency to ameliorate the condition of mankind. Invariably I have inculcated the doctrine of temperate resistance, because I know that it is only necessary to keep the British bosom politically warm ; for truth and liberty will soon triumph over delusion and tyranny. When the purport of a late message, so momentuous, yet so deceptive, was announced, bank and funded credit rose in tenfold proportion to the real probability of a speedy peace. That message however conveyed a positive acknowledgement of the French Republic ; and, considering the grounds on which your Majesty entered into the contest, likewise confirms and substantiates a doctrine once the most offensive to King's and abettors of the claims of King's. This doctrine so popular, but till now so intolerable to the admirers of *pure despotism*, no longer requires the vindication of a *Paine*, a *Price*, or a *Priestley*. Your Majesty most unfeignedly admits the paramount right of a people to choose their own governors, and to cashier them for misconduct when they please. The acknowledgement



ledgement of the French Republic amounts to the acknowledgement of that axiom in its fullest and most general latitude: Hence the sublime exertions of enthusiastic Burke, the pageant discants of more mechanical Young, the libels of Judge Reeves and martial achievements of a Windham, must yield to that most solemn declaration of our good and virtuous King. Frenchmen chose a Republic, Englishmen, whenever their governors have betrayed and traduced the interests and dignity of their *official* supremacy, may also choose a Republic, or any other form of government they please.

In admitting these positions, with all their correlative consequences, your Majesty has displayed that high sense of political honor, that amiable regard for the interests of your subjects, that frank and princely disavowal of divine hereditary right, which, *whenever the doctrine has been qualified by the unequivocal assent of a virtuous parliament, and by them made the law of the land*, must for ever endear yourself, your family and crown to the loyal British: but should those eternal and inalienable truths be hereafter unfortunately rejected by your Majesty, the royal message, in which they are so *positively* conveyed, will remain an *eternal and inalienable* proof of the regal infamy of corruption, which, when stimulated to throw off the pageant mask of power, in the agonies of a persecuting conscience, assumed the armour of truth; to plunder an honest nation and enslave a loyal people.

Deductions important, and eventful as these, must not, however, proceed on any instant conviction. The principles on which the confirmation of the first would be salutary, and the disavowal of the latter proper, necessarily demand full and impartial.

impartial discussion. As the ultimatums of war, the most remarkable that ever man waged, omenons indeed is their aspect: the one amounts to an acknowledgement of the immediate expediency and immediate practicability of national renovation: the other is equivalent to a declaration of war against the whole British Empire. Wherefore I proceed in the third place to offer

#### THOUGHTS ON CHURCH AND STATE ESTABLISHMENTS.

IN a country where characters celebrated for their philosophic superiority, and men of almost unrivaled political wisdom, have, by their brilliant and perspicuous arrangement of proscribed knowledge, illumined the deep volumes of history; it is well worthy remark that religion has not yet been reduced to one general, intelligent, and unexceptionable system. NEWTON, whose discoveries in astronomy justly gained him the admiration of a cotemporary and succeeding ages, practised religion according to certain, *and in his opinion the most consistent* tenets. *Locke* differed from *Newton*, *Boyle* from *Clarke*, and *Watts* from all. Their united powers could not define the unequivocal and true religion, yet each and all of them professed to be in the right. Bishop Tillotson, a wise, eloquent, and liberal writer, evidently espoused opinions altogether contrary to those of his predecessor, and cotemporary fellow preachers. *John Howe* could talk respectfully of *Tillotson*, but *must* dissent from the church of England. BURNET, though a court Bishop, was a devout man; he too entertained peculiarly novel ideas of the divinity of heaven. The Quakers again make religion consist in broad brimmed hats

hats, and some other grotesque articles of dress; while anabaptists regard immersion as gospel. A thousand errors, and a thousand truths thus mingle indiscriminately with the devotional exercises of man. Between the right and the wrong, no one can distinctly mark the line of inference; yet such laws and institutes as right and wrong certainly do exist. Sir Isaac Newton excelled all the great astronomers of his time, indeed of anterior as well as posterior ages. This excellence was however chiefly confined to spherical geometry; by the assistance of which he so much enriched the empire of learning. The opinion he conceived of Deity was not that which dictated his forms of worship. He prayed and sacrificed in exact conformity to the reformed Papal church. Locke made the New Testament the study of his later years, in which he thought he could discover ample evidence of the Christian calling. On whatsoever this opinion may have been founded, certain it is that those who could not but assent to his principles of legislation, avowedly rejected his notions of Jesus Christ. Newton again had the satisfaction in his own lifetime to see the doctrine of attraction universally adopted, while miracles performed by the son of David were branded with disbelief. Sir Isaac willingly acquiesced in the doctrine of resurrection, believing at the same time that Jesus the son of Joseph and Mary, could abrogate the laws of nature and God. To himself, Newton was a miracle; to those who saw his operations in astronomy performed, but who did not understand the principle upon which he regulated his instruments, all was miracle. Locke might well consider his essay on the Human Understanding, a miracle in its kind; because all his

acquaintances pronounced the undertaking impracticable, and the laws thereby affected to be defined only intelligible to the Great Author of being. John Locke nevertheless wrote and vindicated his *non-inatēity* of ideas, though the then Bishop of Winchester thought proper to denounce both the book and the writer. Between the speculations of that time, and those of the present day, many obvious differences do subsist, while the generality of the moderns urge numerous and inconclusive suggestions against the general belief of the polemics of the last century. Thomas Paine has followed Voltaire and Rousseau in the path of Deism; indeed he copies them in almost every sentiment and observation they wrote concerning Jesus Christ. Some ærial and sceptic among many just notions have, it is true, escaped the pen of the author of the Rights of Man, but small is the portion of valuable instruction that can be collected throughout his Ages of Reason. Yet, than Mr. Paine, no man could better succeed in imposing absurdities on the uninstructed portion of the English. What impelled Locke and Newton to believe in miracles, Paine does not enjoy—namely; the undissembled admiration of a pupil world. Discoveries in political wisdom were hardly possible, because Locke, Voltaire, and Rousseau, adding the labors of Socrates, Solon, Confucius and Lycurgus, to those of Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, and their own, have left inexhaustible mines of knowledge in the world. The Rights of Man is a compilation, well arranged from those authors. Thus then the supposed unanswerable Age of Reason, as well as the Rights of Man, proceed on the already revealed opinions of predecessor writers. In the Age of Reason the ascension of Christ forms a principal ground



ground of cavil. Resurrection from the dead is likewise combatted with asperity; yet, strange to remark, the advocate of Voltaire looks for happiness beyond the grave.

WHOEVER BELIEVES THAT MAN WILL BE EXALTED IN ETERNITY, DOES BELIEVE AND PROFESS THE DOCTRINE OF RESURRECTION.

Not Mr. Paine, nor any man, can convince me that mortals, whenever the vital spark has fled, perish into nothingness. This, however, is that doctrine so favorite with our *political* saviour. Indeed, his doctrine and his arguments, like error and truth, wage war alternately. In one page he looks for happiness beyond the grave, in the next resurrection is disavowed. In this case, all we have to ask is; What is resurrection? Mr. Paine certainly knows it means man's rising from the dead. Now what in all this can offend any who look for happiness beyond this life. Surely the physical existence, petrified by the unsocial approaches of death, does dissolve, and with it all our worldly engagements. Laid in the grave; we are placed in a condition of preparatory corruption—Worms enter our bodies and time moulders our bones into dust! It may happen that particles of matter, consisting chiefly of dust from the bones of his grandfather or grandmother, mingled with some powder which was manufactured into ink, and with which ink Mr. Paine may have written his attack upon the resurrection of those worthy people. You will ask; Does this confirm the doctrine of the resurrection? Certainly it does: because it proves that our bodies do not remain in a state of quiescence, but that, on the contrary, the vital spark, which is neither flesh, blood, nor bones, but *the*

*image of that God* who has endued man with rationality, ascends to that celestial country where souls of men are made perfect. This, my Sovereign, is resurrection from the dead. Dead to the miseries of a wicked physical world, but alive to all the charms of immortality !

Those arguments Mr. Paine most grounds upon afford temperate reasoners solid, and almost impenetrable shields against his keen and sometimes dexterous attacks. Descending to particulars, he tells his readers that inasmuch as a caterpillar transforms into a butterfly, so man after death must rise to a state of superior splendor and happiness. The splendor of a caterpillar turned butterfly is no conclusive reason that man will regenerate his mortal frame and transfigure ultimately into an angel. Such reasoning is absurd : because our proofs of the divisibility of matter and dissolution of the corporeal part of man constitute the position—that human bones will moulder into dust, and this dust mingle with some powder, and this powder be made into ink. Again, I repeat that only the vital spark is regenerated. As to the caterpillar losing his original skin and receiving wings, it surprizes no naturalist of any experience in the laws of vegetation and generation. *Fætis* is not body and limbs, nor are these life and motion. The principle being confirmed, a superstructure may be erected ; but where neither principle or foundation remain, all works of nature and art must vanish. The principle of vitality must exist in the body while in a state of progressive transfiguration. A caterpillar does not die to become a butterfly. On the contrary, those vital functions once actuated by the various necessities of the former, always continue under  
the

the wings of the latter, to supply the animal wants and direct the animal exertions of an *unchanged body*.

Lobsters generate from the foetidated substance which grows in the smaller and black kinds of periwinkle.

As well may Mr. Paine say, that those anti-coloured weeds are necessarily and absolutely demonstrable of that celestial felicity to which his present views extend. Certainly the instance last quoted and his own caterpillarian-problem essentially differ. Tantamount to all sophistry, to all sceptic illusion, is that proof on which the retrograde and unexpired vitality of the caterpillar, while yet transforming into or rather preparing to receive wings like a butterfly, rests. But of a generating lobster it may very truly be said, that so soon as he emerges from the tendril chains of infancy, the vehicle, that is the periwinkle, in which nature organizes her scheme, becomes an immediate void; liable to disappear in the ranks of nature animate. Upon such a fact Mr. Paine and his followers, when arguing against the doctrine of man's resurrection, might more successfully stamp the forms of probability. Because his scheme professes the destruction, not preservation, of the body-temporal. Proceeding even on that theorem, he would still risque an ultimate defeat; because the periwinkle, instead of wholly disappearing, again reassumes her generating powers; becoming the vehicle of another lobster. Man however answers none of these purposes, nor does woman. Instantly as death confirms the dismemberment of our mortal systems the offices of humanity cease for ever. Unlike the periwinkle, woman sinks obviously into the general mass of unintelligent matter; matriculation is no more!

Yet however all natural causes and effects unite to confirm

those plain and unimbiaffed truths, that fertile genius, Thomas Paine, will prefently come forwards, under, as he will fuppose, accumulated advantages. Every affertion, every document, every fact, and every proof his opponents urge, in vindication of *their* belief, he will arm againft them, in defence of *his* infidelity. The regeneration of caterpillars, generating powers of periwinkles, corruption of mortality, and eternal difunion of foul and body will no doubt find conspicuous places in his lift of christian absurdity. Absurd as it is to be an admirer and imitator of Jesus Chrift, more genuine candour than he inculcated, never was recommended, indeed never practifed by any man. Jesus was the image of that unlimited benevolence, charity, meeknefs, and humility he intreats all his followers to *fhew* unto all mankind. Thomas Paine again is confeffedly the creature of favorite paffions; a flave to liberty, and a victim to prejudice. What but prejudice or vanity, for it could not be ignorance and imbecility, that gave rife primarily to his wars againft Christianity. Somewhere in the common prayer book, we it is true find the unfortunate members of our church are required to believe amongst many other things, *refurrection of the body*. This no man in his fenfes will affent to: nor do any of thofe Chriftians who unprejudicedly oppofe the Age of Reafon, believe one word of it. Far from receiving fuch incongruous tenets the belief of thefe is nearly as I have a little while fince ftated, Namely;—OUR BODIES DO NOT REMAIN IN A STATE OF QUIESCENCE, BUT, *on the contrary*, THE VITAL SPARK, *which is neither FLESH, BLOOD, NOR BONES, but the image of God*, who has endued man with rationallity, ASCENDS TO THAT CELESTIAL COUNTRY WHERE SOULS OF MEN



ARE MADE PERFECT. And this is that resurrection to which Jesus Christ bore testimony.

Not convinced by any thing that hypocrite believers can simplify, Mr. Paine will nevertheless yet contend that in as much as a caterpillar transforms into a butterfly, man shall grow up an angel. Of the degrees of beauty, splendor, or goodness, human race will really enjoy in eternity, of the sphere of being to which they will be exalted, of the transcendental glory of angels, no sublunary being can possibly decypher adequate or just conceptions. That Mr. Paine is a luminary of a certain kind in this world, I will readily acknowledge. Yes, my Sovereign, that fugitive Briton, is great as a politician, though not every way consistent as a man. His different writings bear indelible traits of a sound and vigorous mind; of him it may truly be said, this is *Thomas Paine who owes a great deal to nature, and to whom nature owes a great deal*: But notwithstanding this, one would not flatter his errors!

Individual cabalists never argue with modesty or propound with decorum. Thomas Paine himself, in his last *Age of Reason*, has endeavored to strip the received doctrine of Christ's ascension of, as he says, every *shadow* of truth. He may dissipate the shades but certain am I he cannot obliterate the records of that divine monitor. Creation, which seems to occupy all Mr. Paine's thoughts, presents man with incontestible evidences of the eternity of man. Eternally stamped upon the broad face of radiating worlds are those animating truths which that wise but mistaken philosopher rejects. He himself is an instance of the sparing love of God. He himself is monumental of the supremacy of heaven. Every breath he draws, and

every step he moves is dependent on, and evincive of, the benevolence of his creator. But this, alas, is the individual who owes every thing to God: and to whom Religion owes feurility, misrepresentation, and blasphemy.

Culpable errors, certainly do prevail, not only among the people called churchmen, but that numerous and generally respected portion of the English, called dissenters. Neither episcopal, nor presbyterian, nor socinian, if not a virtuous and humane character, holds any place in my esteem. Equal in virtues, humanity, benevolence, and justice, in what regards their temporality, I equally respect each and all of those characters. Yet if in matters of religion I consider any one of them nearer the truth *religiously*, perhaps naturally, he ranks foremost in the circle of those beings who would share my particular esteem. Sorry am I, however, to remark that much of contrary conduct is to be distinguished under Christian banners. Interpreting the Old and New Testaments as best suits their favorite opinions, many otherwise serious and devout men are ready to pronounce uncharitable judgements concerning their fellow-men. Not many days ago I had an opportunity of conversing with an apparently sincere follower of Christ. Changing the scenes, as we did, variously, humility became a topic. That generous and unambitious sentiment, "*Ye also ought to wash one another's feet,*" \* recommended by Jesus Christ to his disciples, however, much perplexed him. Not disposed to consider any act so *demeaning* compatible with the exalted stations of *some men* he easily converted the universal precept into a mean personality. According to this Christian, only the disciples,

\* St. John xiii chap. 14 ver.

ciples, were required to be so very humble. Now if only the disciples could exercise that spirit, only the disciples were *true* and *genuine* Christians. Beyond their circle all christian benevolence would be hypocrisy, and the hope of salvation a sacrilege in its essence. All Christ's parables, his sermons, and his benefactions must, in such a case, extend to and only influence his disciples. So that the apostle Paul, in as much as he was neither Simon-Peter, nor Simon the brother of Josès, was, absolutely and in truth, no christian; but the sycophant-echo of a man who was born, inspired and missioned to save *only* his immediate and contemporary disciples. The doctrine, my liege, is vague and unqualified. Incapable of imparting one solitary virtue. Yet such men complain of daily and impious innovators. Now, who so subversive of Christ's gospel as those *christian* mutilators of his words. Our own miserable disaffections alone yield subterfuge to opponents. But for these, those indecencies would sink into their native horizon, while the libellers of Jesus became the scorn of mankind.

Already those who reflect at all, and who consider analogous facts, know that morality in this age of the world is stained with the blood of the innocent; religion being the symbol of horrific war. But even this proves nothing of importance against the derived divinity of Jesus Christ.

That agent, who poured Reason into the brute nature, can likewise dispense the gift of prophesying. To be able thus to perform is, I own, no conclusive argument that,

God

God did inspire Jesus with a prophetic talent; but to be certain that Sir Isaac Newton did demonstrate the revolution of the earth we inhabit round the sun, constitutes that discovery a *scientific* miracle: because it was out of the power of man, and therefore out of the course of nature to discover it before his time. The reason, therefore, that this and his doctrine of attraction were universally subscribed to, was because he himself was the living monument of the truth of those practical systems. The only reason again, why his individual belief in the *derived* divinity of Christ was not equally assented to, was, because he could not raise a Lazarus from the dead. Hence the obvious absurdity of Mr. Paine's book of faith; where the credit of historians forms the only ground of dissent. God visibly designed that man should be happy as well in this world as in that which is to come. Depravity of morals, that hand-maid of power, superceded the operation of the pure laws of Nature. In every age and country of the world, men have appeared who owed their untimely death to their zeal to promote the happiness of their fellow-men. Socrates, was among the number of these; he died the advocate of morality. Thus might he be stiled; Socrates, who was poisoned, died, and was buried; but whose doctrines arose again in the world. That Socrates died for the sins of his cotemporary fellow-men, is lamentably true. A reformation in their morals was his constant object; to their inflexibility he fell victim.

Jesus



Jesus Christ was equally zealous to reform his contemporaries, not only in their moral but religious manners. A persecuting profligate age would not, however, admit any renovation of the established systems; thus fell Jesus Christ a victim to the criminal superstition of the Jews; so that he died for the sins of mankind. Those powers he was said to possess over death and the grave were also said to have been displayed in his resurrection from the dead. Miracles said to have been performed by him previous to his suffering the death of the cross are likewise recorded. But these Mr. Paine disbelieves. Without any profession of my belief, your Majesty will readily perceive that mankind are as much at liberty to deny that the revolutionary nature of the earth as a planet is any part of the actual system of the universe, as Mr. Paine is to reject the derived divinity of Jesus Christ. Only a few understand the doctrine of fluxions as propagated by Sir Isaac Newton. Those who do not understand them treat their assertors as madmen. In the lapse of ages, the writings of Newton will probably undergo mutilations, if not thorough change. The people of the 25th century may cavil about the possibility of Newton doing certain and alledged things; and like Mr. Paine will ask, "Who among you ever saw Newton perform the least of these miracles?" they reply, "Not any of us my lord! But Samuel Clarke, who was a man of learning and probity, did behold the great Newton practically performing these experiments?" To this the answer will

will be, " Clarke was a disaffected scholar, who became the disciple and was afterwards the apostle of Isaac Newton." In this way, my Liege, the oracle of the 18th century asks Priestley and all the great men of the present day, " Who among *you* ever saw Jesus Christ perform the least of these miracles?" They reply, " Five thousand or more assembled on the Mount of Olives." To which the sceptic answers, " Those were disaffected Jews, who became disciples and were afterwards apostles of Jesus Christ." Arrogant indeed must that individual be, who attempts to deny the sovereignty of the Creator of all things. Only the power of that Being was necessary to enable Christ to turn water into wine. On these topics I will not, however, enlarge any more at present, nor would I have arrested so much of your Majesty's attention, but that I conceive our church establishments derived their qualification originally from the professed excellence of *pure christianity*.

That the precepts delivered by Jesus Christ to his followers are truly benevolent, expedient, and upright, even Mr. Paine admits. That any misapplication of them is an insult to the memory of Jesus all must be agreed in. Divine <sup>90</sup>immaculacy was truly exemplified in the character and actions of Christ, but certainly he himself never inculcated the doctrine of three self-existing self-sufficient omnipotent Gods. On the contrary, his continual theme was, " My Father who is in Heaven." Is it not true, that Jesus was born of Mary, that he was nursed by her, that

that he passed through the stages of infancy, childhood, and manhood? And are not these unequivocal evidences of his being "merely a man like unto ourselves,"—fin only excepted? The exception is certainly just; because what is yet known of the history of that celebrated man is one continued evidence of his unblemished life.

Systems of faith have little to do with practice of moral and political justice, except in as far as regards the *free* admission of the necessity of justice in all our dealings one with another. Whatever militates against the natural and social rights of man is a violation of the laws of Heaven. Whatever ordains that one shall possess the rights of two is a violation of the laws of nature.

According to these, every animate body occupying a certain portion of this globe, does or ought to enjoy an equal means of subsistence and protection: they moreover wonderfully direct even the smallest insect of the mazy field through all the intricacies of each vegetable soil; each deriving appportionate intelligence from their immediate and derived source of being. Man certainly holds the balance, and reason operative preponderates: he however is but a link of the chain of natural uniformity. Considered as such, only an individual portion of the means of subsistence and protection can of right belong to him. Whatever exceeds this is monopoly, which, if abused, is actual piracy of the right of another. From the temporal view of his situation, a bishop is an exalted character, while from the same view, a curate is a degraded

graded one; and yet both run the same course of spiritual excellence. Did this pre-eminence consist merely in the scene; did only ideas of superiority attach to the apparent elevation of the one, and the visible oppression of the other, then the whole duty of man, *in as far as regards the priesthood*, would be contained in, Strip the Mitre of its venal Laurels: dignify alike the Curate and the Bishop. Entity of idea, joined to entity of substance, will, or ought to remove all visionary speculations concerning entity of person. Fancy is an agent whereby intelligence will sometimes enhance the prospects of life, whether adverse or otherwise. One man will fancy that 40*l.* a year is equivalent to all the purposes of preservation, protection, and sustenance for a family of *human beings*, consisting of an adult male, female, and six children; while the same man hesitates not to avow, that 10,000*l.* a year is not proportionate to *his* expences, including that of two servants *and* a kennel of dogs. This difference then must contain entity of substance joined to entity of idea; and all we have to enquire is—could the man of 10,000*l.* a year support a wife and six children with only 40*l.* a year? Naturally we reply,—were he placed in the same situation with the former, necessity would impel an acquiescence with the dispensations of fortune.

Now, inasmuch as compulsory agents imply tyranny, and this last a positive subversion of the duties and office of a servant of Christ, it cannot be, it is not compatible with religious benevolence, moral virtue, or political



litical equity, that a curate shall receive only 40*l.* a year, while a bishop complains of receiving only 10,000*l.* in the same space of time. Apportioning the price to the quantity of labour, the curate ought to receive 100*l.* per annum, rent free, while the bishop was paid only 10*l.* a year, with leave to range a work-house. Jesus never could have intended the murderous distinctions at present existing in the church which bears his name. He indeed enforced the propriety of constant industry in the vineyard of life. Whoever received one talent, was made accountable to the donor; but whose received and abused ten talents, was deemed guilty indeed. The bishop of Durham, to whom even more than ten talents have been given, instead of endeavouring to make good and virtuous Christians, sounds the horn of battle; only ambitious how to inspire his auditors with love of inhuman war. An avocation of all others the most inimical to the doctrine of Christianity: it is the instrument of tyranny in the hands of men; so precarious, that out of ten thousand men in arms who go down to battle, 500 may not return to the camp. Thus 9500 immortal souls vanish in the conflict of the tyrants of a day. Say, bishop of Durham, is it for this you receive 12,000*l.* a year—for this display the lawn sleeve and the mitre? Didst thou hence derive that heavenly title of “Right Reverend Father in God?” It cannot be. War is no part of the duty of angels: how can it form the obligations of the heralds of peace? Since the rebellion of Belzebub, heaven is sup-

posed

posed to have known no disobedience: since that infernal apostacy, war has ceased to annoy those celestial abodes. From him then, even from Belzebub, must the advocates of inhumanity imbibe their carnivorous zeal; from that fount of irreligion the priesthood of earth flow in luciferous succession, and are thereby promoted in their temporal cures. In justice your lordship's titles are "*The wrong Irreverent Father in Lucifer.*" Wrong, because your lordship's practice and the duty Christ requires of his disciples, are essentially discordant. Irreverent, in as much as benevolence towards the creature is reverence towards God; now the see of Durham is an acknowledged obstacle to the prosperity of the mechanic, destructive of the lives of the poor, vindictive in principle, and idolatrous in faith. This vindictiveness, this idolatry, this infraction of the social compact, has provoked the wrath of heaven; added to the fervour of the exterior man, those abominations portend the wreck of *sees*.

While curates innumerable wallow in religious poverty, bishops, deans, and vicars triumph in the miseries of man. True, many of those last assert the doctrines of original sin, purgatory, and eternal damnation. Our judgments, my liege, often proceed on the internal evidence of our own convicted minds. Will it hereafter be said, that only the hired professors of Christianity, that only the bishops of the earth sink perdition? I pray God to obliterate the records of mitered sin! The same charitable spirit that dictates this unfeigned sentiment, impels me, nevertheless, to hold the temporality

porality of those offices in derision. Can I who bounds my temporal views in the margin of human life, who hesitates not to avow my solemn confidence in the resurrection of the dead, who looks upon earth and the things thereof as meteors of the shade of that shade, which my liege, darkens the surface of immortality, yet forms the cobweb partition between life and the grave.—Say, ye bishops, can such a man desire his own aggrandizement in your fall? No! I disclaim the paltry compromise. Disclaiming this, that wanton dereliction of duty, that carnal dissipation, that zeal to promote the views of tyrant individuals, that abandoned prostitution of the laws of heaven, so visible in those gradations from the curate to the bishop, will ever continue the obloquious subjects of my pious reprobation. It has been said that necessity is food to the hungry, raiment to the naked, and instruction to the ignorant. Necessity ought therefore to prescribe laws to bishops. Ignorant as they are whatever will operate to the dissolution of their bonds, whatever has power to banish superstition from the earth, alone becomes your Majesty to confer upon them.

Make every bishop in your three kingdoms curates, translate the curates to fees, deanry's and vicarship's, the work of reformation will be accomplished in a fortnight. The new-fangled curate will petition for an amelioration of his misery, while the possessor of his lost wealth will readily compound the mitre for a livelihood. Let every man enjoy pre-eminence in proportion to his talents, piety, and virtues. In proportion to these let honours

and wealth be distributed; so will the object of Christ's preaching be realized in the religious felicity of his fervent disciples. Church establishments in any country ought to be such as give permanence to virtue, and immortality to devotion; uniting all in one general communion of love, peace, and confidence. The thirty-nine articles of the church, of which your Majesty is said to be the head, instead of promoting these divine interests, disunite and disquiet your subjects. Men will differ in opinion till truth has been established incontrovertibly; it is, however, possible to fix a maximum in matters of religion, as well as in affairs of policy. Only a general and indiscriminate affiliation is necessary to produce that amiable coincidence of object. Receive the dissenters into fellowship with what is called the established church; encourage freedom of discussion, and a few short years will terminate the present war of opinions. Then would your majesty defeat the malevolent designs of the few, obliterating at the same time the present wrathful disaffection of the many. A great disproportion certainly does exist between the number of those who entertain rational deference for the crown of these kingdoms, and those who upon the other hand derogate the approved sanctity of the office of bishop. Whether the latter exceed the former, or whether, when the average of opinion is obtained, any essential part of the community desire a change in the government of the church are questions which, however my particular situation may enable me to elucidate, those hopes I fondly indulge, of



an intimate union of parties only impel me to suggest: persuaded that a few years must resolve the papacy of England into reason and truth.

Then the enquiry will not be, how renovate and enlighten the genius of religion? for every sanctuary will be the tabernacle of the living God. In the present era of Christian intemperance, many truly philosophic characters would probably thus express their general sentiments of disapprobation and sorrow.—

It is easier (say they) for the philosopher to instil truth and virtue into the heart of an highwayman, than into that of a bishop; reason will partially convince the former, but the latter is open to no conviction. When figures of men in wax shall become animate, then (they will say, not before) the corruptions and superstitions of people calling themselves Christians, shall be rooted and destroyed. Continuing these invectives, the same speculatists will next upbraid the character and impeach the life of a conspicuous modern cavalistic member of the church; your Majesty will readily suppose I mean the late doctor, now bishop Horsey, who, according to our philosophers, in the series of his vindication of the pre-existing divinity and eternal Godhead of Jesus Christ, sought not to gain the kingdom of heaven, but a bishoprick in the kingdom of George the Third. Yet so little is the prelate bound up in the trinity of Gods, that could doctor Priestley translate him to the see of Canterbury he would become an uni-

tarian; because (as is the ironical reasoning of those disputants) the bishop in thus changing his faith, would act upon principle; for mitred in the see of Canterbury he would be the only living and true head of the falling church.

With these suggestions I partly coincide, differing however about what regards the supremacy of the church. Yet on this subject those advocates of reason will say, King George is truly the head of the church of England; for God cannot be head of a church whose foundation is that of delusion, whose walls display idolatry, whose ornaments consist in superstition, and whose pillars resist the lightning of truth: Pride and oppression being the sources of her grandeur. Could those suggestions, curious and interesting as they are, yield to the force of argument, I would willingly endeavour to rescue the church from the infamy of a charge of heresy. Without a prospect of success, it were however vain to enter upon the discussion; indeed the charges seem every way confirmed by antecedent circumstances in the political life of Horseley. Not daring to assert the position, he maintains the divinity of Kings indirectly. This libel on your Majesty provokes my hearty indignation. Yes, from my heart, I feel indignant at the recollection of the St. David's lecture. A lecture which even Bonnar would blush to consecrate. The substance of it, as yet little known to the world, I will here render as correctly as I can from memory—"We are," said the

the bishop,\* “ the legitimate divinities which give splendor to error, and importance to villainy. Original sin is the high source of our supreme felicity. From that we derive our mission. To that we owe our power. The indivisibility of our tri-coloured faith, and unintelligibility of our cannons gave birth to faction, and give life and energy to scepticism and intrigue. Kings are and ever were the Gods paramount of earth below: descended from the immaculate wisdom of the Prince of light and life, earthly royalty is the only true emblem of the fallen cherubs. Thus then rational liberty, now become the watch-word of the mob, is abomination consummate against heaven. A few prosperous campaigns, my dear brethren, and then! —Ah! then, England, with her regicide sons, will yoke the will of her heaven-enacted King. The glistening eye of exulting royalty, shall then drop pearly supremacy on the fields of enslaved Britons, and monkish virtue, towering over the vast, and expanding hemisphere of popish oblivion, shall then supercede and obliterate the rude usages of reason and truth. Atheletic husbandmen, smiling cottagers, vigilant mechanics, prosperous merchants and patriot lords, in a general cohort, shall then wander in the vale of generous persecution. Faggot, fire and sword, precipitating through ranks of unadulterated virgins, rolling over the volumes of chaste quakers, flaming at the portals of unadorned temples; in short every dissenter and

\* Probably our Right Rev. Father will not own this Lecture—I'll father the child; well knowing I can be absolved at any time.

every presbyter will yoke the godly sway of Bishop-independence. Thus exalted and ordained in affiance to revealed religion and approved public virtue, Britain will be continually indulged with the bulls of Pius; whence alone they can derive remission and forgiveness of sins. Your children and your children's children, nursed too in perfect contempt of reason and good faith, will begin the business of the day under crosses and birch-wands; awfully prompt, the mitred cardinal will endue the wafery altar with unctious love: while the dome and the urne are garnished with heads of Martyrs. Then, my dearly beloved friends, Priests, Princes, and Abbots will be enrobed in the holy plunder of idolatrous unitarians, while whole human race reverberate the might of Britain's King, and heaven herself proclaims—Image divine of my fallen sons!

Alas, my liege, even so the great apostle of hereditary royalty and divine right libels your character, even so the cathedral resounds thy unreal injustice. And didst thou reply in the language of Majesty, didst thou impugn those traiterous preachers, didst thou desire to live happy and enjoy the love of Englishmen, to *Horfeley* the reply would be, “ High and mighty Bishops, Arch Deacons, Deacons, Deans, Rectors, Vicars, YE, potentates; do the prevailing corruptions of the followers of Christ emanate from your example; or have the death haunted Curates infected your flocks? Have fanatic pamphleteers emulated in singing thy unmerited praises? Does the Arch Bishop of Canterbury



terbury subscribe one guinea per annum to the relief of the oppressed prisoners of Newgate—does the Bishop's servant receive a shilling out of the guinea from the starving debtors for taking the trouble of obeying his employer's commands? Do only sons of profligate nobles share the good favors of the church, while the meritorious Curate echoes the moanful plaint of his weeping spouse, and poverty-clad infants?

Hail, my Bishops, go, go to the remotes of Iona and Lewis\*. In the former all the ancient devices of your druidical order range in the successions of improvement in superstition; and, like yourselves, astonish the beholders: You are here led to enquire how such mockery could absorb the soul of intellectual man. By carefully exploring those now forsaken moth-holes, you discover the symmetry of villainy in a house of prayer. The cave differs from the cathedral only in this; echo resounds through the rock vaulted dome, while the echo of an echo in the mouth of a fool reverberates amidst the cloisters of the house of God. Lewis however compensates the moral deformity which tortures the imagination in that burial place of Kings. This island is indeed an enlightened spot. Here men will be found who reason with energy, who converse agreeably, are adroit in business; hospitable and honest. Thither all ambitious men, thither retire in peace. Scattered, yet accessible there ly off that island, several lofty and grass-growing rocks; in them you may improve the remainder of your ill spent lives. In them the beauties of unpolished

\* One of the Western Isles of Scotland, in N. Lat. 58. 20.

nature rise in the order of unprovoked birth. Foliage of varied hues diversify each cliff, and birds of the weary ocean congregate on their caverns. The glory of nature, the splendor of heaven here successively enhance and impress our thoughts. Here, haughtily indignant of the pregnant cloud, billowy ocean rolls, thundering upon the summit of his torrents, to the shrinking shore. Go, go I beseech you—quit a country whose ruin you desire to accomplish, whose deluded inhabitants you yoke in the chains of papal clemency; leave us to the wisdom of benign heaven! Did you abandon the cause, all the evils of a long descended vice would vanish. Re-fluent justice would seal the general pardon of those now laboring and heavy laden. Begone—We can better combat external than internal enemies!"

Such elevating sentiments promulgated through the medium of a royal summons, would quickly reform that delusive body; and equalization of church property, and of church honours would follow. Only equalization of these is wanting to a general union of parties, only this last is wanting to defeat the insolence of unbelievers, the crude slanders of deists, the tyranny of error, and hypocrisy of sin. Whenever these are destroyed, national benevolence will inhale and hilerate each peasant breast, and morality and religion unite and dignify the whole.

Waked into moderation of principle, and grandeur of scene, man would thus emerge from the chains of popery  
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and the dreams of faith. Never, never again would cries of Priestcraft annoy his senses, or ingulph his soul. Never, never again would papal gluttony nauseate the cathedral, or pollute the altar. Actions would no longer criminate professions, nay elevated by reason to heaven, our thoughts, living in our speeches, would ennoble the mortality of life. Adoring that omniscient being who revolves midst angels through eternity, man, greatly indignant of sordid fortune, would run the course of time in peace. While death's ruthless empire opened with prospects of never-ceasing joy.—Now would you, my sovereign, would you in repugnance to the divinity of truth protect the carnality of error!

Various indeed the proofs which scripture affords concerning the unity of our omnipresent creator. The saviour himself in many places says, "I, who am sent to you by your father and my father." To send, is to command; to command is a display of active power. Only superior wisdom can rightly qualify one man to dictate to a multitude of men. That being who commanded Jesus to minister to sinners *did* possess superior wisdom and superior power. Equality of power denotes sameness of office; now had the saviour been from eternity, his power and wisdom would be omnipotent: But *he was sent by his father and our father*. Meaning that the rectitude of his life, exemplified invariably both in public and private, was such as fitted him to serve God in sincerity, and from God, dispense pardoning grace to sinners.

Inspired

Inspired with sentiments and views the most elevating and magnificent, that ever opened to mortal mind; the saviour always exulted in gratitude to heaven. Knowing that he was the son of Mary, and therefore a man begotten in mortality, the beneficence of a magnanimous creator filled his *sinless* mind with meek admiration, and lowly but insuperable confidence. In the whole course of his ministry, the words of his mouth and the object of his love gave ample testimony of conscious dependence and revealed inferiority. Whatever disciples and apostles may have said Jesus never inculcated the doctrine of *his own God-head*.

Even the forms of worship daily used in our churches testify these facts. Such testimony were however vague and indecisive. Indeed a more perfect system of despot incongruity than that of *our* church discipline never existed. Affecting to abjure the devil and all his crafts, most of those sumptuous vices which gave rise to the cessation of the original reformers from the church of Rome, still continue to be espoused and tolerated by the followers of Calvin. Infant baptism is one among their many violations of truth. Not that adult immersion has any advocate in me, but because baptism by the proxy of a proxy is direct and positive subversion, both of revealed religion and practical reason. Religion, or the worship of the true God in humiliation of spirit and sincerity of devotion, certainly does not, cannot qualify dissimulation and falsehood. Is it not rank dissimulation to promise before God and the people,



people, that a child *shall* well and truly keep all God's holy commandments, while yet the sponsor has never seen the infant, and their relative situations precludes any possibility of their ever living even in the same country. The proxy of a noble who lived and died in Scotland has god-fathered the son of a noble residing in the East Indies: and who was baptized by the curate of Bengal in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And what is this but subversion both of genuine religion and practical reason. Hence those forms prescribed by Bishops to Curates, and which are inculcated by the latter upon the people, completely abrogate the pure laws of reason and truth: constituting one sullen vehicle of superstitious monkism. Idolatrous chicanery alone supports the cumbrous fabrick!

True, the curate says, "*I believe in God the father almighty maker of heaven and earth,*"—And thus the doctrine of unitarianism is acknowledged and espoused. When however he professes to believe in Jesus Christ, *likewise God*, the plurality of deities involves a charge of infidelity, heightened by that of idolatry. Because the first commandment, which is likewise promulgated from the desk and the pulpit, expressly requires, "Though shalt have no other God but me—I am thy Lord, thy only living and true God."—Violating this solemn law the Curate next reads, God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, —*three persons, in one God-head*: In another place he reads, God Almighty, God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost—*four persons, in one God-head*: So that  
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the genealogy properly contained in that collect, will run thus: God the Grand Father, God the father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost!

To amplify in merely discussing the futility of any argument that can, or that has been brought in vindication of that insupportable, foul, and pestilential creed of creeds, would ill accord with that dignity which a lover of truth ought always to preserve and study. Innumerable indeed are the arguments which might be adduced to urge an immediate and total overthrow of those calf-brained baaletics. Suppose I were to say, George the father King, George the son King, Charlotte the royal mother Queen—three persons in *one* King-head, equal in power, wisdom and glory, would your Majesty consider me in my senses—Surely not. How much less those Bishops who assert “there are three Gods, yet those three Gods have but one head, though every God has a head, equal in power, wisdom and strength: Yet God the Father commanded God the Son to descend from earth into hell—those only who are bound need obey! Jesus Christ was nailed to the cross, a crown of thorns was put upon his head—and was crucified, died, and was buried. In the progress of his sufferings, Jesus Christ bitterly exclaimed, my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me, if it be thy will, oh God, remove this bitter cup from me. Yet not my will, but thine, oh God, be done. Nevertheless Bishop Horsey writes, Jesus Christ from all eternity God! Begotten not made; Conceived by the Holy Ghost, not by Mary

Mary his mother—yet Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

These and many such *intelligible* “sayings” form those views of eternal happiness to which your Majesty and all faithful communicants are required to press forward with christian confidence. These and many such, the *conclusive* reasons which impel church dignitaries to brand the dissenting portion of their fellow men with epithets of derision, malice, and irreligion. On *these* the doctrine of the glorious trinity in unity rests immutable. From these, denunciation issues after denunciation, while anathematical benevolence consigns the *Priestlibites* to wrath eternal. While hell herself, opening in all the horror of avenging heaven, hurls the dissenter from his coffin to the flames. These and many such, constitute those amiable precepts inculcated to our youth at universities, in the cloister and by the Bishop: but! were these those comforting truths which the meek Jesus delighted to promulgate? No, my King, not these, nor no such blasphemies against the Almighty, the intelligent creator of intelligent worlds.—That immaculate Being, the seat of whose throne is happiness, and whose duration is eternity!

Out of the records of that carnal system, out of the writings of the hostile members of our church militant, from the unctious orations of a kidnapping Dean and Rector, might I quote legions of effective arguments against the trinity of Gods.

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In the Common Prayer Book we read "Stephen saw Jesus sitting at the right of God." Could Stephen distinguish the Deity and the Saviour; did he perceive no visible difference between them, both as to figure and splendor?—Certainly he could not. Differing in figure and splendor, they must likewise differ in dignity and power; differing in these, it is impossible that God the son is equal to God the Father.

In another place of the same book, a quotation from St. John contains these words, "Being *made* so much better than the angels;" not—Being made equal to his father; as Horsey would have it. I write a letter, I make a pen, I draw a portrait; but a pen does not make a sheet of paper, nor does a portrait make a man. The power to contrive, regulate, and make, is possessed and exercised by me. Nor are the letter, pen, and portrait, any more than emblems of that power. Man, it is true, derives this power from an higher nature than what of man is mortal. Talking relatively, God, whom all stile eternal, self-existent, omnipotent author of all intelligence, the exclusive Creator of angels and worlds, condescended to receive the man Jesus Christ into participation of certain degrees of divine wisdom, power and prescience. In the evangelical display of these *derived* excellencies it was that Stephen beheld Jesus, who was crucified, sitting at the right hand of God.

Metaphors and allegory have much increased the Scripture history. From the Bible we collect epithets of regard and

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veneration, as well as of disaffection and contempt; at  
 once the most apt and emphatic. Than the writings of  
 Isaiah, what is, what can be more sublime? Reading his  
 contemplations of the Deity, Heaven, in all her translucid  
 majesty, seems to encompass the elated mind. We, as it  
 were, fancy we behold the great Jehovah amidst the hosts  
 of his glory, distributing life, light, and laws to myriads  
 of intelligent creatures and revolving worlds. Fascinated  
 by frequent displays of divine magnificence, the prophet  
 often expresses his devotional fears. To Jehovah, the all  
 powerful Jehovah, that prophetic oracle directs all his  
 humiliating thoughts; to him his offerings, his prayers, and  
 thanksgivings. *One* only living and true God inspired  
 Isaiah; that God who was the God of Abraham, of Isaac,  
 and of Jacob. The worship of a golden calf was de-  
 nounced; even Jehovah signified his jealousy of man. Not  
 that the Deity can indulge the passions of men; not that  
 immaculate wisdom and unchangeable goodness can parti-  
 cipate the frowns of power or put on the armour of des-  
 potism; no! the jealousy of Jehovah was his pardoning  
 love. To this God alone Isaiah rendered the oblationary  
 vow. Ah, culprit Horsley, thy Trinity is abomination  
 against Jehovah God of hosts! Thy professions and the  
 Common Prayer Book unite in dreadful sacrilege. Only  
 repentance and oblation can rescue thy idolatrous brethren  
 from their impending doom. Exterminate all delusive in-  
 stitutes, cancel every ruthless ordinance, purify the canon,  
 and reform the church;—Do these things, and all your  
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rational fellow-men will affiliate with you ; in uprightness of heart and oneness of spirit.

Already your ill arranged canons vindicate every assertion I have yet hazarded on this momentous subject. It is curious to remark, that the compilers of the Common Prayer Book itself have adopted much the same language. They pray to God for light and life by his son Jesus Christ, continually styling him their mediator and advocate.

Mediatory friendship, or that emanation of benevolence which philanthropic bosoms glory in seminaing, is a species of kindness which embarrassed individuals derive from one whose relations and circumstances connect him, intimately, with a person who has been provoked to a vindictive persecution of them. God punishing human race, in the splendor of renovating wrath, may be supplicated to shew mercy. Aware of the justice of his denunciatory mandates, penitent and desponding sinners implore the adopted son of God to intercede and advocate in their behalf; but did Jesus really possess equal degrees of power with his father, mediation would be both absurd and unnecessary. Absurd, because equal degrees of power would necessarily devolve equal degrees of wisdom, benevolence, and justice on the Saviour. Unnecessary, in as much as these would indeed make him *very* God, and thus mediation with his father would likewise be mediation with himself. Such positions are, however, too novel to be solid, and too subtle to be right. The truth is, we have had all Rome's errors transmitted to us from time to time, and the bishops,

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*good honest creatures*, have contrived *ways and means* to ingraft hereditary popery on hereditary crowns. Even Sir Isaac Newton, however particular self-interestive engagements, which will sometimes bias almost any mind, intailed his assent to the doctrines of Calvin, in every unprejudiced moment of his life disclaimed that unmathematical, that unnatural, that monstrous solicism in catholic logic, commonly sublimated—*Three persons in one god-head*. That God is the head, or, if you please, sovereign of heaven and earth, is demonstrable from several causes. Nature groans in the lap of destroying Time. But Time is impassive, and exists throughout immeasurable Eternity. God, if man may be permitted so to personify the attributes of his maker, is, Lord of Life, Prince of Nature, First Cause of Time!

Were this a polemic contest, I would expect to be told that those ramifications of Deity is a kin with the Trinity of Horsley. It is not so. A fountain may nourish and actuate three differently destined streams; one of which shall run west, another east, and a third south; but the virtual source of each and all is the fountain: *God is the indivisible fountain of re-fluent worlds*.

In carrying our analagous observations still farther, it is no blasphemy to parallize the doctrine of mediation and redemption.

Suppose then that upon any occasion the people of England assembled wanton and unprovoked rebellion against your majesty's authority and government. Provoked to an ar-

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mament of the faithful part of your subjects,—Mandates, replete with royal benevolence, are made to precede military execution; and conditional pardon is offered to such who may renounce the leaders of the faction. Notwithstanding this, however, their disobedience, instead of yielding to admonition, increases with your clemency. Still willing to preserve so great a portion of your people from the deadly arm of justice, you scheme a means of partial famine. Relaxed by the growing perch of hunger, they now prostrate themselves at your feet, obedient to law, and petitioning the throne for mercy. Never inattentive to the complaints of the contrite and dutiful, your majesty approves their petitions, directing an immediate disorganization of that lately adopted system. In ceasing to be vindictive your majesty does not, however, pardon the rebels. On the contrary, proclamations, declaratory of an intention to prosecute generally, are issued. Situated thus critically, the culprit nation implores your son George, Prince of Wales, to become their mediator and advocate. Of benign soul and generous manners, the heir apparent of your majesty's crown, who, like the Saviour, may yet come robed in the majesty of supreme grace to judge a people in mercy, munificently condescends to plead the cause of his fellow-subjects. Appealing to your sovereign wisdom, power, and goodness, the Prince, with dutiful veneration, now solicits your dispensive grace. Responsible to your majesty for the future tranquillity of the kingdom, the Prince is hence commissioned to pardon the  
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petitioners generally and indiscriminately. PARDON IS OBTAINED! But, what does the event prove? Clearly, my liege, that you are sovereign lord of England. In the same way then mediation with the deity is expressly evincive of unrivalled power.

Calm and temperate enquiry will ever terminate in generous and humane sentiments. For one, I can truly say, I wish the salvation of the whole of human race. And in as much as universal liberty has a prior claim on the approbation of philosophers, so ought the universal restoration of souls rank foremost in the hopes and wishes of christian teachers.

Error and superstition have hitherto invariably darkened the page of moral and religious life. Their evils have likewise intaminated the political world. Yet these not being natural, but acquired, vices, it were presumptuous to infer the love of God from the disobedience of man. Still it is not chimerical to hope that that portion of time already impiously absorbed in the gulphs of tyrant policy and blasphemous religion, will yet be blotted out of the record book of heaven. This is that hope which the visible benevolence of our immortal sovereign inspires!—Sincerely I believe that should the present generation repent and sin no more, Almighty God will pardon mankind universally. Should, however, our vices, instead of vanishing at the approach of the day-light of truth, accumulate unprecedented temerity, eternal and unchangeable misery will succeed the physical dissolution of all. Certain and, as far as man can hazard to judge, inevitable as these alternatives are, doubtless your Majesty will hasten to adopt those measures

which must operate to the destruction of vice and restoration of virtue. You cannot but prefer celestial to terrestrial happiness. Begin the work! Men subordinatedly circumstanced will readily follow the example of the court. A Prince of Wales can as successfully give celebrity to virtue, and make devotion fashionable, as some who lived not many centuries ago who have laureled scoundrel gallantry, and sanctified dishonourable bargains with *Star* and *Garter* bonds. Even Bishop Horsley might transmute his life and make a christian. At present, neither he, nor no one so much absorbed in the mysteries of the mystic church of Rome can be a christian. One of this character must truly be an upright follower of Christ. Where, in any of the sermons delivered by that infallible oracle do we meet with a table of the rates of absolutionary edicts? Where find the Apostles called the ministers of mysteries? Yet the church of England holds absolution and ministers of mystery as gospel. It is true the parish clerk does not receive certain and stipulated sums under the denomination of absolution money. Nevertheless sums are collected for church purposes, and vast *prices* paid for divorces, licenses, and a score more vices. Whoever grants a divorce enacts fornication into a legal transgression. Whoever legalizes vice is both Pope and Devil. Ministers of mysteries must also be ministers of nonsense. At any rate, implications of unintelligibility devolve on the creatures of that system. Now, in as much as the Church of England aims at sovereignty; and, if it were possible, eternal power, so mysteries would continue sovereign and eternal. And what

what is an eternal mystery? Why an eternal something which is neither true or false. What is neither true or false must be nonsense. Reform yourselves, ye ministers of nonsense! You know that it has been said in former times, Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall see God. But verily I say unto you, cursed be the war makers, for they shall see the Devil. You are commanded not to bear false witness against thy neighbour, nor covet any thing that is his. Both, however, you do. Is not any vindication of Mr. Pitt a bearing a false testimony? Is not the monopoly of wealth and dignities absolute and vicious covetousness.

I think I charged the curates with an open profession of the doctrine of purgatory and transubstantiation. Duty and inclination impel me to adduce full and unequivocal proofs of those assertions, and with these proofs, and one or two more observations, I will conclude my reflections on Church Establishments.

In the Common Prayer Book already so often mentioned, after many good lessons commanding a renunciation of the *pomps* and *vanities* of this world, as for instance, a cassock and a mitre, we read, " Quest. What<sup>t</sup> is the inward part or thing signified by the bread and wine. Answ. The body and blood of Christ which are *verily* and *indeed* taken and received by the *faithful* in the Lord's Supper. And this is strengthening and refreshing our souls by the body and blood of Christ." If your majesty believes all these things you, likewise, believe transubstanti-

ation and purgatory. But, I know you do not! Let me therefore beseech you to throw off *their* Cross, and follow the humble advice of an honest subject. Restore to law its energy, to religion her divinity, to property its proper and general efficacy, and praise, glory, honor, power, wealth, and happiness, will greatly abound!

Having once acknowledged the expediency of reform, we naturally wish to enjoy its immediate advantages. Whether in church or state the present is an apt season to begin the work of renovation. Many sagacious politicians have, it is true, supposed that posterity can alone successfully attempt that arduous undertaking. Limiting their exertions to a few leisure moments, they thus imagine mankind must be universally enlightened ere political happiness can be universally disseminated. Enlightened we must be; but surely those ingenious writers know that Latin and Greek are no more necessary to the destruction of vice in England, than French and English was to the expulsion of Tarquin, or the assassination of Julius Cæsar. It is not the degree of classic refinement, nor the portion of scientific knowledge we possess, that can reconcile those daily and fortuitous changes of fortune we experience. The real comforts of life consist in those things which a man or woman can really enjoy. Certain are we, that conjugal felicity does not emanate from transient readings of Homer and Virgil, nor does a courtier become politically honest after perusing Milton and Rousseau. To the unlearned inhabitants of Scotland's Eagle-Isles, to those of Ireland,



Ireland, yea to some in many parts of England, would I now direct the attention of those who advocate gradual reform. Men and places which have never yet seen the alphabet or numeration-table! Notwithstanding this, they live longer, are more virtuous,—have an higher veneration for the deity than even his grace of Canterbury is known to entertain. Such are the peasants on the islands of Scotland in particular. Totally unacquainted as they are with the English language, but officially conversant in their native *Celtic* or *Earse*, those our unambitious fellow-men share, without a murmur or a sigh, the humblest of the humble fruits of nature.

Honest and industrious, their days are spent in the simplicity of a golden age. Believing in one God, they are fervent in their worship of him; never studious not to derogate from his omnipotence by attributing either want of mercy or goodness to him, while our lettered worshippers openly do both. When the harvest is late, or a scarcity apprehended, they do not impiously protest, as some in England have done, against the majesty of heaven.

You will not there find the creator reproached as the source of misery to the creature—No; they reason from past and present experience. In a year like this, the judicious among them will consider the scarcity they experience, as being consequent upon the wickedness of a monopolizing administration, wholly mechanical: not after the manner of Lord Kenyon, in his charge to the Worcester grand jury, wherein he lays Pitt's crimes on the shoulders of the God

of Worlds. True, that judge had the immaculacy of the minister in view, and thus pronounced the inevitable calamities of a ruinous and unprovoked war the first fruits of the wrath of heaven. Unlike these golden satellites of power, the peasants in those parts of Scotland, and not a few in England and Ireland, however scantily provided with means of subsistence, follow their rural avocations with true manly fortitude. In effect, the man who in an open boat fishing five or six leagues from any land, encounters night storms, nay commits his life with a view to the preservation, protection, and maintenance of a wife and perhaps eight or nine children, displays more genuine heroism, nay greater dignity of mind than that general who only attends his army in a siege; preserving always five or six leagues between his own tent and the lines of his regiments. At any rate the conduct of the peasant evinces an high sense of social honor, as well as due respect for the moral obligations. Whoever knows and practises these essential duties, is eligible to a share in the legislature of his country; and the elective franchise can be wisely exercised by him. What so exalted as the magnanimous moderation of the indefatigable fishermen! It is even glorious to behold five, six, and sometimes seven hundred of them met on the sabbath at the house of worship, homely but neatly appareled, the husbands procure the food, the wives the raiment. Oh, envious condition of reproached mortals! yes, reproached:—denying them the exercise of their inherent and natural rights, do we not reproach and traduce their honest  
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character? Nothing is more true than that they are eligible to possess the elective franchise; if they are capable of using that birthright, surely the English and Irish equally enjoy those faculties which are necessary to a right use of reason. Removing all difficulty with regard to that portion of the empire, we prepare the whole state for political renovation. Many I know are the sceptisms which profligate individuals, nay corporate bodies, urge in defence of corruption; there is not however one fact better known than this: that the happiness of the sovereign depends on the degrees of security and happiness enjoyed by the subject. Did public virtue and public justice reign, balmy peace and love-armed freedom would for ever entwine the brows of majesty;—only truly virtuous and independent characters ought to administer laws. Only unanimously approved necessity ought to impel a prime minister of England to wage war against nations; ministers of the gospel have not, and therefore ought not to give a voice in warlike councils; but alas! war never can be waged by England without the previous abomination of prayers and fasting.

War is the handmaid of error, error leads to superstition, and the church of England is the fountain's head of both: she is the open gate to slavery: and slavery involves alike the safety of the subject and the power of the crown. All wars, whether in Europe, Asia, or America, have had their origin in error. In our own country the clergy are the continual promoters of extravagant and ambitious cru-

crusades. We seldom remain longer than seven years in a state of tranquillity. Thus seven years alternate war and peace, fill up that time which only fraternity and unfeigned devotion ought to occupy. No sooner has the specie monopolized by individuals in the course of any war, been thrown into the accustomed channels of circulation, than an ability to bear taxes is prophesied. Agreed in the plan and mode of taxation, a prostitute parliament enacts the levy. Oppressed with these new imposts, the people now complain of unequal representation, and all the known abuses in the government of church and state. A few will perhaps dare to propose an equalization of the revenues of the clergy. The whisper hastens to the cloister, and from the cloister it rebounds in the ear of majesty. Alarms about the safety and dignity and divinity of the crown are accordingly propagated, and the oppressed English are diverted from the immediate contemplation of the gathering cloud. In this state of agitation, some assassination plot is contrived by the minister, and discovered by his spies. Proclamations are issued, rewards offered, while our emissaries at foreign courts are employed in exciting rebellions, and abetting treasons. Ourselves and our cotemporary royal brothers and sisters being thus hurried into jealousy, war is provoked between any two of the despot courts. English pride, so easily inflamed, now snatches the peaceful husbandman from the plough. Our streets overflow with ballad singers, who ask:

“ Shall



" Shall Britain's glory, Britain's flag,  
 Be liken'd to each coward rag  
 That flows o'er dastard towers:  
 No, no brave boys, to war we'll go;  
 Soon shall Britannia crush th' foe,  
 And wreck all despot powers.  
 The golden spoils of great Peru,  
 Will dignify each British brow  
 That dares the arrowy host.  
 To arms! my gen'rous Sons, to arms,  
 Returning, eve'ry Polly's charms  
 Will gladden the delighted coast.

Gold will fly,  
 'Cross the sky,  
 In vast rolls,  
 To fond souls,—  
 FLY, FLY TO ARMS.

With this sort of harmony and delusion, it is that the honest English seamen are fascinated into our fleets, and from our fleets into eternity. Oh, my sovereign, how damnable the life of a war-making minister.

This *sacred* traffic in souls, this loyal earnestness to die fighting the wars of martyr-Cardinals and debauchee-saints, this furious publication of the wickedness of courts has always partaken, more or less, of my most devout reprobation. Approving of war in the abstract, is no agreement in principle. Why war has found an advocate in many good christians must be, because the ultimate issue

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of unjust and unprincipled wars, involves those who provoke them in utter, and sometimes inexplicable ruin. All the ravages of imperious and bloody campaigns, all the sighs, all the groans, all the indurate wounds domestic felicity receives: the lamentations of the widow and imitating mewlings of her orphan-babe, easily impress my mind with sympathizing sorrow. Yet these have their influence on the common corruption, and, as such, are preparatory to ultimate happiness. I have already ventured to assert, that national bankruptcy is necessary to national renovation. It is an irrefragable truth. I tell you, my sovereign, that not even yourself—that your family can never be permanently happy until the Bank of England has published its last dividend at a farthing in the pound sterling!

Commercial aristocracy will thereupon balance her paper arrears, and the now hapless, dependent adventurer enjoy his *fair-chance* of traffic unconstrained. However, the *noble* branches of Adam's *peasant* family revolt at the mere sound of liberty, God and nature unite in confirmation of the birthright privileges of man. Grammarians will bicker about trivial and unimportant errors of diction or speech, but I never yet knew any one of them who could regulate his stomach according to the rules of grammar. There is a grammar we learn in the womb, and which is born and dies with us; it contains the primitive elements of physical necessity, physical contentment, artificial oppression, and systematic misery. Imprinted on

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the heart, this book of laws circulates in all its branches through every man and woman's veins. Fasting begets hunger, poverty want, and taxation is the *legitimate* cause of all. Poverty is no section of the grammar of nature, it must, therefore, be mechanical. The great architect is injustice. All the vices that do prevail, and all that did or may exist in England, have had their origin in necessity; this necessity had its rise in venality; this grew with error, and the vicious errors of mankind are, religious idolatry and political depravity. The former sits supreme in our churches, the latter presides in our courts of law. Predominating in those despot haunts, they necessarily mingle with society, and infect, though not equally, the peasant and the monarch. Gradual reform, instead of *gradually* correcting those fountains, vitiates them; while progressive reformation is but progressive opposition to accumulating cruelties, vices, and oppressions. Choose, oh King George, between the instant happiness, security, and glory of your subjects, and the deliberate assassination of Cæsar and his Host.

Equal representation is one means of equalizing power; the latter may be too cumbersome for one arm, and too insolent for ten thousand. The millstone of priestcraft is that which this nation has sorely yoked ever since her disunion with the church of Rome. I would not hurl the priest into the Thames; but, with your Majesty's permission, I'll drive the millstone out of Europe in a fortnight.

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THEN those mixtures of scurrility and wit, those nervous, but, in many respects, mistaken arguments thrown together, some against and some traducive of the followers of Christ, but directed for the most part to the political enormities of mankind, will lose their envenomed aspersive stings, while christian virtue and political integrity endue our benefices and exalt our senates. No philosopher of any dignity at all, who has regarded pure nature and her laws, who has researched into their inalienable truths, and, on them raised maxims of polity and jurisprudence, who can cheerfully acknowledge and unfeignedly adore all sovereign deity, whose hopes reach eternity, whose diurnal theme is reason, whose ambition justice, attached to the world, not for its own sake, not for the mere temporary comforts delusively afforded by power or by gold, but in genial obedience to the decrees of heaven :—Such a man, my liege, will never trespass on decency, even in his censures. They are the errors and vices, not good faith and virtues of a people which demand renovation. Whatever is now *really* excellent can safely continue in its present unimpaired condition for ever. Whatever is now *really* vicious, if permitted to continue in its present unimpaired state, will, *vice versa*, vitiate and debase a country and a people forever. Only the corruptions which have hitherto sapped every organized system that can fall under Paine's pruning knife. Here and there some uncouth stakes may be driven, some wayward sluices opened, perhaps the stream will now and then



then run ill-judged and anamolous courses; but sage reformers will never destroy such parts of a system as possess an ability to receive impressions of religious benevolence, moral justice, and political œconomy.

Systems and establishments have been exploded variously by various authors. The *Voltarians*, the *Rousseauites*, the *Painites* themselves, have discovered beauties and deformities not only in the political but religious sanctuaries of man. Yet so apt are heated theorists to mistake what is regular, and exaggerate what is unsound, that we have had little more than elegant, or sublime, or sagacious commentaries on any, and all of those subjects our modern dissectors have severally anatomized. Religion has been stigmatized by them indiscriminately. Morality, they say, there is not. And as for royalty, it *shocks* them out of all reason and truth. Far be it from me to libel the characters of those celebrated politicians. Farther, if possible, from my wishes is that of vilifying the sacred office of King. Allied to my prince as to my country, I pray heaven I may never be provoked to sacrifice the one for the security of the other. But if the altar must be stained, let only the blood of guilty, not ill-judged innocent men, flow upon it. That country whose people *will not* tho' they can be happy, deservedly perishes into oblivious thralldom. That monarch who *will not* tho' he may accept of a people's generous love, and banish adulation

tion and pride from his councils, deservedly loses the nation's confidence and the nation's crown

These universally just axioms, these *natural* principles, these social bonds, severally, unite and disunite the world. That this should often happen, has, however, surprised many: but the many are too frequently the creatures of the few. Readily enough we own, that however avaricious or mistaken individuals traduce and execrate the character and *necessary* prerogative of a sovereign prince, every man who is not insane, or naturally imbecile, or both, must be aware that neither the body politic, nor the body physical, can exist without its proper head. Heads there may be, perhaps there are, which had better been confined at once than allowed to remain the infectious disturbers both of body and soul. Yet even these ought to share our attention, because they command our sighs. Convert, at any rate endeavour to convert a sinner before you reproach him with critiques on his vices. Yield, he may not, but it is nevertheless the duty of christians to exercise their patience and his temper. While employed to regenerate the man, be careful, however, lest you *bigotize* the christian. *Superstition is the grave of truth!*

Heed not those moralists who think it criminal to harbour any attachment, however simple, for a woman. Neither the nicely moral nor the strictly political, follow nature's laws. Absolutely no man can resist casual and unprovoked affections of sense: vain, therefore, all mea-  
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fured scruples of conscience. Whether for a female full of charms and pleafantry, or a statesman abounding in wisdom and facility of invention, we will fometimes entertain miftaken or mifplaced regard. Nor ought thofe in power to-day to perfecute the weakneffes of the favourite minifter of yefterday. As little would the magnanimoufly humane perfecute a deluded monarch or bigotted cardinal to the fcaffold.

Every veftige of fuperftition can fafely be cancelled, but all the pleafures of fenfe can never be difufed. Thofe who look for perfection in mortality, would do well to remember, that *man* is the fubject of their fpeculations. I own that were monarchy wifely organized, and the vanities of fociety proferibed, virtue may be rendered fovereign. But not while conjugal felicity is branded as crime. What liberal reformers would diftinguifh with approbation, fome of Mr. *Paine's* difciples conftitute into venality. Burke fublimes many topics that David Hume would hurl to oblivion. Perceiving this, a prudent and generous man will always move with fteady deference along the margin of any eftablifhed habit. On detracting from the ufefulness of forms of worfhip, Mr. Paine ought to propofe fuch maxims of faith and practice as would, *if that were poffible*, rightly fupercede the doctrines of chriftianity. This he has not done. But, on the contrary, leaves his readers to choofe fuch forms and adopt fuch maxims as either their inclinations, vanities, or caprices, may,

at any time, dictate. Those will be found in this island, who have unloosed the reins of morality, and torn off the necessary restraints of religion; nor is this more in consequence of libertine doctrines propagated by the viciously prophane than by reason of virulent systems of affected renovation, authorised by penitent republicans and hypocrite deists.

No nation can easily approximate her religious faith to that unsatisfactory, in many places, unintelligible, in all respects, indecent libel on Orthodox-divinity called the Age of Reason. Except the author, hardly one proselyte-infidel of the present day can join two perfect sentences on any subject. Yet, strange to remark, all of them profess to comprehend the subtilties of their apostle. Truly, those docile gentlemen do not know to what latitudes of misery their new scheme of salvation will ultimately lead them. Without a guide, a curb, a bridle, nay, without a horse, and overpowered by fatigue, wolves and ravens may yet feed on their unchristian ruins. Fixing no maximum, proceeding upon no data, Paine satyrates the Bible, and rebels against morality. Other politicians content themselves with fairly exhibiting the culpable parts of systems of faith. He implicates all the good maxims of christianity with all the bad ones. A friend to society, and man would, on the contrary, distinguish between virtuous chastity and vicious imprudence. Innocuous levity, decent mirth, manly pride, and social urbanity,



urbanity, find an advocate in the candid philosopher; he, indeed, knows that the grand business of federalism cannot be done without them. Bishop carnality and curate indigence, thirty-nine articles, and 9,339 errors, motheistic vicars, and speculative deans, though they constitute the mass of England's mighty church, neither infect the valuable Bishop of Landaff, nor that Cato like man, Doctor Parr.

These truly devout christians are consistent exceptions to that positive charge of infidelity alledged and substantiated in one part of this letter, against the generality of bishops. They are venerable pastors, faithful in Christ, and tender of those privileges God bestowed on man. In their hearts they do not, cannot espouse trinitarianism. No two on earth so aptly qualified to reform the church and simplify christianity. Embalmed in *their* fertilizing spirit of benign humanity, forms of worship would imbibe principles of conservation, the magnet of Christ's church on earth would bear the ensigns armorial of heaven. Thomas Paine, the infidel, would probably die Thomas Paine the christian. State establishments now essentially vicious would then grow radically pure. Political integrity would be perpetuated in religious virtue. And you, mother of Infidelity; you, Church of England! would emerge from the long-lived papacy of infernal error. Oh, my beloved countrymen, oh, rejoice and make glad, for the evening of despotism

hastens on yonder cloud; the irradiate beams of reason shall amplify our natures and dilute the storm. All hail! my country—for lo! whenever that hideous aggregate of vanity, pride, perjury, back-biting, sloth, injustice, error, falsehood, intemperance, idolatry, persecution, faggot-fire and sword has been mouldered into dust, national sincerity will entwine national humility, and only angels can rival the enlightened sons of Britons.

The royal establishment, in many of its ramifications cumbrous and unwieldy, standing next in relation to that vitiated household of an insulted deity, multiferously huge, over-tops yonder high promontory of state indecencies. Valetudinary servants, whose faithfulness recommends their claims, always merit protection and relief. Adequate sums ought to be appropriated to their individual necessities. The public purse is or ought to be the poor man's conservator. In repugnance to this unequivocal truth, there are, however, thousands who sink under accumulated loads of poverty and disease, while thousands upon thousands, every way unworthy subjects, draw along the surface of luxuriant midnight, and wake, inebriously profane, in eternity. A country where these extremes not only prevail, but are nurtured, as alledged necessary parts of government, will always find admirers in the profligate rich. The admiration of these, is, however, no proof of virtue or humanity, but the contrary. In as much, therefore, as corrupt and beg-  
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gared noblemen alone fill the civil list charities, all praises of royal benevolence, and that hackneyed event, the revolution of 1688, are destructive as well of that splendor worthy of crowns, as of christian rectitude and national glory. Creatures of bed-chamber mummery, sief-hords of inwaiting vice, arrogant masters of stole excreffences,—the whole circle of your majesty's immediate domestics, is one whole mass of incorrigible sinners. Can you, as the head of God's Church on Earth, any longer continue the slaves of infernality in your pay!

His right honourable highness—the Master General of your Egg Ordnance—his Aid-de-Camp—the Sub-Keeper of your Water-Closet—the Necessary Groom—and Groom Necessary, are as many branches of civil list *œconomy*. What the former of these may be required at any time to do, whether his Aid-de-Camp attends your Majesty on review and stag hunt days, both in capacity of purveyor of *water and excreffence* works, for in these characters the constituents of the 9th Harry sometimes parade Edinburgh's nautious streets; whether these things are done or not, your people naturally enquire—Does the king always ride attended by Equerries of the Stool, &c. or is the Master-General of Egg Ordnance merely employed to *batch* sycophancy with the rottenest of his rotten household. Considered in any possible point of view, certain degrees of injustice, prodigal incontinence, and vagabond-insolence attach to those scullion depredators.

The nation bleeds at every pore while courtly imbecility shelters each minion flatterer of each venal lord. This oppression, this infamy, this injustice, is not congenial with sovereign virtue. Ourselves, our ancestors, each cotemporary people, *are* even mere slaves of power. Tyranny is nourished by dominion. The latter affords protection to murderers, and ennobles robbers.

Every crown upon earth is subject to the wasteful innovations of usurpive despots. Yet there have been kings who lived and reigned in the world, who have not thought the plough-share and the shepherd's crook less capable of preserving and maintaining all the relations of peace and amity, than your majesty may suppose the palace and the sceptre qualified to perpetuate and transmit the crown and the sword. Such was ALFRED, such many more kings, whose glorious patriotism radiates the vast volumes of European history. Those princes, indeed, delighted in constantly receiving, encouraging, and rewarding a people's love. Unproductive legions of ungrateful courtiers, meritricious assertors of *legal* nullity, unfaithful yeomen, and pageant ushers, never shared their confidence, nor triumphed over their follies. When dangers grew big with mortality, Alfred shone greatest; mildest when *fiery* inhumanity, united to dastard petulance, most furied the tempers of other men. His exertions in the cause of virtuous justice always increased with the difficulties which perplexed his benevolent views. Wishes for the happiness  
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and security of his subjects, he entertained unremittingly. Though immersed in grief, his disappointments, instead of enervating his passions, warmed and emboldened his mind. Nature taught him wisdom. Experience made him prudent. Economy was his study, and generosity his unceasing theme. Truth from him derived splendour, from him justice, in mercy, emanated, *free, equal, and open-handed*, to all. Founded on moral rectitude, natural necessity, and religious truth, his statutes and his laws were the echoes of evangelic wisdom, and the fymbols of social virtue. In his time gold and silver did not wholly influence, nor wholly command the actions and the faculties of man. Reason had not been made the plaything of theologists, nor religion the bane of sceptics. Annual parliaments and universal suffrage were more than avowed, for, half yearly councils, or parliaments, consisting of *freely* elected representatives, met by his authority, to consider and adjudge the complaints and affairs of every *active* subject. True it is that those beneficent customs flourished in other reigns, and under the auspices of other monarchs. But except Alfred, no King of England ever united in his own person the soul of a potentate and the affections of a man. While he ruled the nation, his rare sensibility could at once embrace the idea of all the hopes and all the fears of a subject. Thus treasons never embarrassed his affections, disloyalty never armed his followers, the clangors of intrigue, the terrors

of faction, rebellion, or party, neither wanted with his valour or usurped his crown. The Danes alone were his enemies; these, who sometimes overpowered his veterans, were, however, so powerfully and successfully opposed by him, that their incursions became not only less frequent, but their force was rendered almost wholly insignificant in his reign. Learning, commerce, and the arts were severally encouraged by him: and trials by jury triumphantly revived. As a sovereign, Alfred was brave, yet meek, intrepid yet circumspect, prompt but generous, awful yet serene: as a man, he was liberal, magnanimous and just. And being moreover fervent in his devotions, a noble benignness of nature dignified his ample soul.

Were there wanting motives, were there wanting stimulatives to instil humanity into the mind of a prince, generous and just, as your majesty is yet believed to be, the example of Alfred's life and actions might be urged against the tyrant precepts of horrific Pitt. In those days of princely urbanity and subject-love, all the great interests of trade, were but as many great interests of whole society. Some corporate bodies might, I believe did exist, but those of a kind neither too haughty to be oppressive, nor too cumbrous to be dread. Any affiliation of men was always an union of sentiments and a compact of hearts. The concerns of the few engaged and commanded the exertions of the many. Whenever the sword  
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was unsheathed, the voice of *justice* called aloud for it. Balance of power, though, perhaps, never better understood, and never more regarded, seldom, if ever, provoked the combats of the field. There, indeed, was a balance of power which Alfred gloried in preserving, viz. UNANIMITY AT HOME! This was that sinewy bulwark which Denmark's wasteful legions never could destroy. This, that bulwark, which had succeeding monarchs done more to preserve it than they have done to destroy it, would have stamped English humanity with eternal loyalty, transmitting the virtues of the man with each kingly crown.

King Henry VIII. stands high in the rank of those princes who most sullied the name of Alfred. Rapine, inhumanity, injustice and terror, laurelled his friends; and made himself hated. Corruption had mingled with courtiers, loyalty and every sigh of sorrow was bought at its price. Hard cash could purchase the *hardest* virtues. Nay the professed servants of God, forgetting that the apostacy of Judas Iscariot provoked the vengeance of heaven, sold their consciences and trafficked from the Altar. Subsequent to that hellish reign, princes appeared who could inveigh against the crimes of Henry, though these were almost surpassed by those committed by themselves and their factions. He pillaged the church of useless, in fact, idolatrous vessels; they pillaged the poor of all the necessities of life. Taxation under them became grievous;

ous; in the reigns of their successors it grew enormous.

Modern men have for years been used to call the taxes in England "oppressive taxes." So that *Alfred* experienced more genuine felicity in universal suffrage and half-yearly parliaments than any thing *Henry* could derive from lay-lord-corruption and spiritual terror. And did no impure passions, no haughty ignorance, no indurate vice gorgeate the church-men and statesmen of the present day, your majesty had till now shared the faithful loyalty and undissembled affections of Britons. Those unprincely efforts, those ungracious agents, those insolent puppets of ministerial arrogance, now daily employed to *keep up* a seeming general affection towards your majesty's person and government, grow in valetudinary succession out of those excrescent weeds which thus over-top the arbours of justice. Every office where any affairs belonging to the members of the administrative government are transacted, nay those haunts where crimps and spies decline their perjured heads, yield subterfuge to traitors and to rogues protection. Your royal self cannot visit *any* place of public amusement till the whole circle of clerks, letter carriers, majors of the crimp, and reporters of *treasury* made plots, are ranged in the orders of supreme disloyalty. These hired-clappers vociferate "God save the king" one from another: they sometimes consist of a majority of the galleries and a small division of the pit. Each man receives his appropriate quota; according to which each man performs his



his appropriate part. No doubt your majesty and those around you imagine all that is either said or done is said and done sincerely. It is impossible for you to think otherwise. But the truth is, your majesty's ministers, unpopular as they have long been, find, that legislative cupidity can only be nourished and enlarged while glimmers of dissembled loyalty exuberate your crown. Long has the House of Lords been admired as an essential part of the constituted supremacy of these kingdoms. A certain *venerable* judge proceeded on this principle when he published those sentiments which the members of the House of Commons thought fit to honour with a prosecution.

Unessential parts of any settled system contain nothing susceptible of or congenial with corruption. Especially those systems which legalize brute-anarchy. Thus, whenever the credit and independence of a state are concentrated in her stadthouse, a house of lords, though once essential to a colony of despotism, may safely be demolished. Because its wonted power would then devolve on the grand pensioner of regal glory. On the other hand, to say that the peers of Great Britain *must* assemble for the purpose of constitutionally opposing the *growing* influence and prerogative of your majesty's crown, would be to admit the certain existence of royal injustice. This surely is a libel against your majesty. It is—And your ministers, your coward ministers, are its sumptuous publishers. Often have I wondered when the friends of monarchy, assembled with  
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those of the aristocracy, have been committed against the abettors of equality and the advocates of reform. One loved the king, one the nobles; another spurned a coronet, while the reformer professed friendship towards all. Exclusive approbation of any person or thing is evincive of exclusive imbecility of mind. Thus then, those who only adored your majesty as well as their aristocratic opponents, either ignorantly believed or impudently asserted every extravagant virtue assigned to both. While the pure republican wanted charity, and the moderate, but ill-guided, reformer erred in having too much. Hence the right line of political conduct must be that in which we can reject all the faults and cherish all the virtues of any one. With such a disposition man may easily ride the storms of fortune. Without it, all is sceptic egotism or libertine folly. That there can be found men who yet entertain, if not display, sentiments of honest patriotism, I will readily suppose. Few however will deny but that the instances of both are rare. The efficacy of laws, the vigor of a constitution, the operations of a free and good government;—Social endearments radically vanish in a country where party prejudices radically exist. So much of this that the term "*party*" in itself is obnoxious to virtue, and has been variously defined according to the interests, predilections, perhaps habits of different authors at different times. But were one to write ten thousand

fand volumes in illustration of the phrase, one axiom, well understood, expounds the whole—viz. A PARTY is that something *which* in governments calling themselves *free* serves both the prince and the people; without distinction of time, occasion or place, but according as the individual interests of its members shall happen to be implicated collectively in the issue of *any* contest. Thus then the principle of party, under whatever name or sanction, is, a destroying principle: Extinguishing alike the regards of honour, faith and honesty, as well in the breasts of the men who oppose as in those of the assertors of tyranny. Even the exultations of a certain professing patriot, far from being what his partizans affect to believe, are the mere causticated ebullitions of clumsy virtue intriguing for a place. “ You may, if you please, kick me into office: I (says a great man in opposition) shall endure the operation with patriot fortitude. That which ignorant moralists term vice, I, for such the profundity of my understanding, can demonstrate a manly virtue. Man is a revolutionary agent, busied sometimes in promoting his own sometimes his neighbours downfall. Any and every thing I *will promise*, but hurl me (continues the coalitionist) into the treasury with £ 30,000 per annum, and patronage.” Yes! for this those violent emotions of pity, those expressions of regard, those affectionate sentiments so loudly promulgated on a late popular day were avowed; all the opposition and all the patriotism of *minor* statesmen

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only rise out of political necessity, only desire political power. That independent champion of reform, that architrave of the temple of liberty, that glorious pillar of our tottering whigs would sacrifice his country to their avarice, and his talents to their errors. In this he is however no more culpable than Mr. Pitt and his colleagues are on the score of not only their present but past wickedness. Reform got Pitt into office. Reform must get him out of power. When however an able, just, and virtuous body of men has been chosen to legislate the interests of this wretched nation, *Fox* and *Sheridan* as well as *Pitt* and *Dundas* will and must be precluded from any share in it. They are too cunning to be honest, and too ingenious to be meek.

Appointing a Board of Controul for the purpose of contracting the privileges of many deserving and gallant individuals, for the purpose too of depriving a set of men called "The Company of Merchants Trading to the East Indies", of (I own) their once immense power, only displays the ambition not virtue of your majesty's servants. *Dundas* is president of that board, and under him are placed such servile beings as can cheerfully accept of bribe. Patronage of every kind extends the influence of those who guide public affairs. At liberty to bestow almost every place of profit and trust in the three kingdoms, so long as places are to be given away, Pitt will have a majority of your two houses of parliament in his favor. The weight



weight of interest the *right honourable* secretary can command in India is not less, in proportion, than that which Pitt has monopolized in England. Hence every finew of the state and her colonies entwine the dastard ribs of those scoundrel men.

Retrenchments, whether of domestic or foreign establishments, never embrace the solid interests of Britons. The civil list was some years ago abridged of many wanton luxuries. The national debt was likewise made the subject of ministerial consideration. Yet these and every other scheme for the reduction of individual and corporate influence are nevertheless mere instruments of individual aggrandizement.

Agricultural patriotism is of this an ample and pertinent proof.

To give splendor to a few obscure and puerile landholders, or some feudal ignorant baronets, the Board of Agriculture has been raised to public view. *President, vice-president, treasurer*, and a multitude of scottish paupers, receive each a salary; and, on occasion, a bonus. The commonly called *worthy* Sir John Sinclair presides at that uncommonly called *useful* board. Vast and uninteresting documents frequently engage the theoretic fancy of those *sheepish men*. *Unheard of advantages, uncalculable virtues, immeasurable power, unknown wealth, peerless independence, AND chancelers prosperity* will, we are told, all result from that beneficent sink. Marshes, lakes, vallies, rocks, hills, sand-

land-banks, even the craggy mountain *shall* yield to the prowess of farmer John. Those extensive and now waste inclosures, those fertile but uncultivated glibes, spacious gardens, and towering forests *shall* likewise bring forth fruits in their kind. Not a nobleman in the kingdom will be permitted to possess even an acre of unharrowed ground. Every ridge, furrow and mead *shall* groan under the hoof, and shrink from the ploughboy's whistle. Indigence and sloth, arrogance and imbecility, gold and corruption, power and perjury, war, intrigue and rapine, will sink beneath the storm. Wrecked and confounded every satrap despot will then unite and affiliate with every peasant clown. The whole northern isles of sheafless Orkney, with every trackless hebredian mole, shall contribute spontaneously to the general good.—When? Even at the day of the resurrection from the dead.—Beware, eternal Sir John Sinclair; beware, coeval Bonnar; beware, aristocracy; And, ye Tiviot-hills; thy children, thy cattle, thy smiling corn-fields and expanding oaks will yet greatly appear in flames and in ruin.

But, alas! the utmost exertions of human genius and of human strength are thus now directed to repel the *fairest* struggles of plebeian virtue. Dare but to wish against the sense of sycophancy all you either possess or value in the world is taken from you. Chains and Newgate reward your endeavours; Oh, children of liberty. The palace and the stag hunt are thine, Oh, ye tyrants

and

and evil doers! Say not to me that the prosperity of Englishmen, that Britain's glory alone stimulates, alone provokes the *fleecy* sacrifices of that wolfish-man. It is easy to prove, that the tenantry on the estates of this statistical ego-tist go as naked, and are as completely enslaved as the poor children of the renowned Wilberforce, who traverse the ensanguined plains of India's western shores. Even our moral parliament-men, like their delusive master, display more philanthropy in their sentiments of the African slave trade, than can be discovered in those they express towards their suffering fellow men, at home. The feudal chieftain, in the den of St. Sephen, roars to be heard in favour of the abolition, and, with perfect goodness of heart, occupies the recess of every meeting of parliament in assessing and rack-renting his vassals. The colony of *Sierra Leone* holds a distinguished place in the catalogue of those virtues for which its *wealthy* founders are said to be celebrated: but, whatever the members of the company at home sincerely and generally mean, by their encouragement of the trade and servants of the colony abroad, one fact is upon record, which will much discredit every individual profession of individual virtue....One of their members, a director of the company, and a member of the British parliament, declared, in his place in parliament, that HE, together with *his partners*, risked the Sierra Leone capital *from hopes of gain*. What sort of gain? Even the profits arising from the traffic of English warehousemen with African slaves! Inimitable patriotism, fascinating benevolence, laudable speculation, amiable christianity! Away with it!

Parallel instances thus reduce almost all claimants to nearly the same standard. One is called *patriot*, for having embarked in a speculation, by which he cannot possibly lose *one shilling of his own private fortune*; but is, on the contrary, paid out of the public's purse, for insulting and deceiving the public. His plans for draining, ploughing, and inclosing waste lands, are as many sections of Pitt's grand plan for *draining, facking, and destroying* the whole inhabited British isles. Another is a patriot, because his name appears, among many others, at the bottom of a paper called, "Articles of Union and Communion for the Use of the Honourable the Merchants of Great Britain trading to Sierra Leone." Thus he, who regulates the machine of agricultural aristocracy, as well as his cotemporary in the Sierra Leone direction, first gains our confidence, then bar- ters for our lives.

Let us now turn our thoughts homewards.

Insulated and constrained, the peasants in the northern districts of Scotland cannot communicate their thoughts to the world: there, reason simplifies the actions of men; and truth, that handmaid of reason, beautifies the unaffected character. Those generous, those spontaneous, those godlike oblations of the heart, which exalt and immortalize the soul, there emanate profusely from every jocund lip. There we behold the enviable superiority of rational devotion. Then there, could we admit comparative views of forms of worship, how much must we be disgusted at the symphonetic orgies of our reformed catholics in church  
and



and state. Yet the islanders are far from being happy. Nay, they submit to the pressure only, because they fancy themselves made for the load. Undeceive them, my gracious Sovereign; they are worthy of your love: and you, oh my countrymen! you who seriously espouse and assert the cause of oppressed freedom; to you I appeal, in the name of those, the suffering victims of the inclement north. Consider that, while you busy yourselves in researches after knowledge, they increase their ignorance. While you know and can urge the birth-right privileges of man, they idolize the menials of their miser chieftains: destitute in many places of those comforts which attend a well fed slave! Your cup of wisdom overflows, theirs is embittered by injustice: though abounding in the enlivening spirit of truth, they cannot hazard even a wish for good. Notwithstanding this, it may be, it indeed has been, said, that they enjoy more of the means of being happy than their learned neighbours. What happiness they do enjoy, consists in their ignorance, not the result of any sense of their own importance, as members of a *free-born* state. The pains they endure, the picture herein already delineated, surely attach you to their cause. Like slaves, they do not desire to be enfranchised: for slavery has ever been their lot. In some degree they are indifferent to their misfortunes, yet, is it because the fruits of the swampy marsh and fish of the hostile ocean, by hard labour, yield them subsistence, that you, who feel and are elevated by a love of rational liberty; will not deign to contribute to the improvement of their docile minds? Let their claims, my Liege, find a place

place in your record-book of bounties, and, when the season of reform has arrived, forget not that the remote north sustains thy fellows in every thing but power and a crown. To give to that power efficacy, and to that crown splendor, confer honor on such to whom honour is due—to the whole race of Britons grant equal liberties!

When told, concerning the Hebreidians, that their feudal veneration of the chieftain cannot be destroyed, only remember how England continued inwrapt in those prejudices, against the direct voice of reason, for ages. It were even so at this hour, had not a *Locke*, a *Newton*, and many more, fired with the spirit of freedom, enlightened our annals. It is with liberty as with men, you may continue to oppress, calumniate, prosecute, nay proscribe; but, the moment one conceives the human mind most darkened, at the very moment the man seems most enslaved, he starts from the bed of sloth: his whole nature is invigorated—like Adam in Paradise, he surveys, with frantic pleasure, his frame. Wondering to behold his diversified limbs of different shapes, and sublimated by the passions of an enfranchised life, exclaims, Whence am I? How came I hither? For what purpose have I been created?—Reason now takes him by the hand, and leads him (enlightening his darkened understanding in their journey) to the harbour of Liberty—man's paradise, his heaven upon earth!

Many very important observations might now be submitted on that often-mentioned, but, by many, ill-conceived topic, rational liberty. Various as our national establishments are, their complex infinity affords protection to traitors; to

deceivers

deceivers subterfuge. One general defined system, liberal in its theory and generous in its practice, whose base were truth, whose pillars, justice; would entirely defeat and destroy the Catalines and Syllas of the day. Government ought to be so simple, laws so unambiguous, power and prerogative so definable, that every man in the kingdom might know his stake in the general capital, as easily as he knows that thirty pence make half a crown. Till this is the case, your Majesty's person, and that of your successors will, must be in continual danger, from the provoked insults of every enraged mob. Here let me be permitted to suggest a few obvious truths.

Those very parts of power, which your present servants tell you, are essential to the permanence of royalty, have a direct and inevitable inclination to discomfit and disquiet your reign.

Virtuous ministers and upright measures are not less necessary to the safety of the subject, than the tranquillity of the sovereign.

If gold must be the standard of honour, disgrace and distress must be the ultimate concomitants of kings.

The man, whom power would basely consign to perdition, is elevated by innate sensibility, and supported by conscious love of truth.

As society is at present organized, cottage rusticity is capable of more genuine integrity, yields more real blessings, than palace glory.

For while Profligacy posts to the highway, Competency delights in the society of friends at home: while she reduces her

haughty man of fortune to the bed of torture, the oeconomic steward, provident of his time and purse, enjoys peace of mind in his business, and felicity in his pleasures. The path to virtue is the road to happiness: in the way thither, the eternal welfare of our immortal souls is cultivated. The hope of an honest man is virtue: for the essence of that excellence is truth. Who so begetteth riches, acquireth misery; but the man, whose bread is the fruit of industry, subsists on the sweets of fortune. The days of a prince, on the other hand, are task bearers: he learns in the morning what he forgets at noon. Life, in his hemisphere, revolves imperceptibly; he culls the futile vanities of each passing hour; while concerns, cares, and grief, perhaps, gnaw the honest mind of some fettered swain. However, it is so only for a season. The curtain is drawn; all is gloom: the horrors of a death bed, or the groanings of a scaffold, perplex his soul. How differently again does the humble artizan revolve through life. He enjoys a mere competency of the goods of fortune, fair health blooms on his cheeks, his playful children caress his weary knees and garnish them with flowers; his spouse! the partner of his toils, the object of his joys, prepares the general repast. Oh, sweet repast! while opiates are administered to the wakeful monarch, from the silvery *cruet* or the massy *bowl*, thy effervescence, milky repast! spreads peaceful sleep around! Rising in the morning, they begin the work of the day in just conformity with the voice of nature, and the pure laws of of sequestered virtue. Yet, affect it not! Honesty, Industry, Hospitality,



Hospitality, Economy live in their social retreat. Affability rises with them in the morning, smiles upon them at noon, and cements and amplifies their evening joys, and returns tranquilly with festive night. Thus to do good is as natural to a virtuous man, as it is for a vicious man to contrive evil. Both act on principles of an immediately unperceived necessity: both, are influenced by example.

Example is as well the source of great vices as of great virtues; and, since there cannot possibly exist womb-created vices, it is evident, that man may, if he will, be thoroughly virtuous. Only bishops and friends of bishops have any interest in the existence of vicious error. Your Majesty may, therefore, instantly change the doctrine of original sin. Convince men but once, that they *are not* born in sin, every other requisite to moral and religious rectitude will thereto succeed. It is not physical necessity, but political chicanery, that absorbs and subverts the intellectual faculties of ambitious men. Were Pitt asked why *he* continues to sin against Heaven and man, he would directly reply, I am a man born in sin: and truly, did the rule admit of an exception, William is a most forcible instance of human depravity. If he was not born in sin, he is certainly nursed in iniquity.

To talk more politically, Ministers really keep their places in contempt of your Majesty and the country; this they will continue to do, so long as the property of the nation is entirely and uncontrolably at their disposal. We may boast of public foundations, of Christ's, Greenwich, and Chelsea hospitals, yet even there those iron-hearted

monsters consummate venality. Only the children of people of a *particular* denomination are admitted to receive the benefits of education, &c. at Westminster School and Christ's Hospital. Those who can have their children so admitted, always do, because they always must vote, for war, and every other unprovoked occasion, which even leads to ruin. Should an honest sailor, by any fatality, happen to become a member of the London Corresponding Society, in case of falling a victim to his profession, and that too in your Majesty's Navy, his widow, on discovery of that political connection, would be precluded forever from any participation of the bounties or annuities usually allowed seamen's widows by the Trinity House. Yet this is an establishment *professedly* charitable!

Public offices, of every denomination, likewise yoke the inhuman sway of our zealous Premier. Whenever a place of advantage has become vacant, intimation thereof is directly given to such of his friends as *can* dispose of it. Where there is a multiplicity of political powers, it will often happen, that those exercising under them, forget the right way to manage their specific parts. Surely your Majesty will wonder to be told, that many lucrative and trust-worthy situations, in your public offices, are frequently occupied *ex-officio*, by concubines and pimps. The former have the sale of many places, the latter receive *centum per centum* upon advertisement, direction, and message-money! Good Heaven! what encouragement in this, for talents and for virtue. Unfortunate Barrington! thy varied crimes sprung not from natural depravity, not from positive inclination

ation to vice: no; England spurned your talents, and loaded you with chains! I blush for your Majesty! because all the vices for which unhappy individuals suffer death and banishment, owe their primitive existence to national indiscretion, and princely disregard. Though George Barrington, again and again implored his judges, to sentence him to serve in any of your Majesty's ships, no sympathizing judge was near. *He was sent to the hulks!* But even here his greatness of mind, so daringly, so vilely insulted by your Majesty's representatives, amply displayed itself in his conduct. Bending under the lash of an incivic task-master, his illumined soul soared to the higher heavens. With *Dignum* he occupied his hours of respite in dignified tranquillity, composing criticisms on the works of the most celebrated authors of the French nation. At one time, absorbed in elevated contemplations, at another, immersed in poverty and chains, successive hardships worried their noble natures; while impudence and dissipation basked in the sunshine of Petersham-Lodge. Laws that can admit of cruelties, thus enormous, are unworthy of a people, and ill-become a sovereign. Believe me, my Liege, I am no advocate for delinquency of any kind. But certain, as I am, that those occasions which give rise to popular thefts, succeed generally to popular inhumanity, I will ever continue the impartial assertor of universal justice. Justice is an operative image of the Deity. Any violation of her precepts must therefore involve divine wrath. Oh, my sovereign, how easily might the commission of robberies, burglaries, and every species of vice, which at present sullies the British character

ter, be wholly prevented ! The surplus that would arise from a fair partition of the public's money, would be more than equivalent to all the purposes of moral reservation. Did the English legislature fund a sum which should produce 60,000*l.* annually, talents might be rewarded, virtue protected, and the poverty of the scholar, as well as the vices of the mechanic dissipated for ever. Will any one dare to say, that human nature is so depraved *naturally*, that a man, instead of shunning, will rush into the arms of vice. Will any one dare to say, that human beings can so far conquer human feelings, as to rush into the arms of death ! Surely not ! Now, these things must be admitted, ere the inutility of such a national-fund as I have just mentioned can be demonstrated. But its inutility is not demonstrable : for truth and experience will bear me out in the speculation. For example : a man in the country, who is habitually vicious, is told, that in London there is A GREAT HOUSE OF ALMS, where liberal and just stewards constantly attend to receive, examine, and hear the complaints of all whose misfortunes demand attention. That, under the direction of this house, there reside in every village and town throughout the three kingdoms, proper agents ; who are appointed to advance necessary sums to indigent, or even vicious, but contrite persons, to defray the necessary expences of journey, &c. to London. That there are likewise regular and proper conveyances, belonging to the alms-house with which they, the penitent sinners, &c. can come to London. That moreover, on their arrival in London, they shall be suitably provided for : such as, in matters of board, lodging, &c.

until



until a choice of eligible employment can be made by *themselves*. That, lastly, when this *agreeable* choice has been made, they shall be received into the factories, &c. of state benevolence. *Here* to have and to share every reasonable comfort of social life. Think you, my Sovereign, that the most abandoned highwayman would spurn the patronage of an institution of this nature? Be assured, he would not. Life is the dearest object of a man's care. In case of spurning protection, the highwayman would most certainly risk, nay sacrifice his life. I, my Liege, have seen some of the most hardy of them in their way to execution: their eyes spoke what their tongues could not utter: yes, and the language was, "Oh, that my life depended on a reform of manners; that my country would accept of my unceasing services! that my benevolent Sovereign would respite me during his pleasure!" Alas! ill-fated men. 'Twas then, I ruminated on legalized crimes. 'Twas then, I recollected that the haughty coronet alone rescues a more scoundrel life than thine could be from scaffold fury. 'Twas then I contemplated the practicability of restoring sovereign sway to virtue. 'Twas then my throbbing soul shrunk at the imagery of Newgate and the Compter. Then I reprobated the hulk establishment of Old Bailey clemency, and the Botany Bay colony of ministerial crimes and follies. 'Twas then I first conceived an intention to calculate the possible expences, and trace the possible resources of our common country. A computation which shocks all my feelings, even in idea. A computation which nevertheless affords full and complete testimony of a fact, which will, I am sure, surprise

prise many, namely ; that the whole National Debt of Great Britain, can, and may, be honourably liquidated in twenty-three years. How this can be true, naturally forms a question with your Majesty and my countrymen. On the subject, delicate as it is, I will, however, now merely say, that did I live in Holland, and was about to write on Principles of State Economy, I would establish one maxim——Never give to one man, more than one man's share. Were it so in England, the benevolent institution, above faintly described, together with every salutary conservator of religious, moral, and political virtue, might easily be supported, and, it necessary, enlarged. The places in public offices themselves, that are sold clandestinely, amount yearly to the immense and wicked sum of 1,000,000*l.* sterling. How vast then the possible resources of oppressed England !

At present, an insolent aristocracy predominates and dominates over all. Mercantile pride likewise assumes mercantile power. The former is prodigal, the latter avaricious. One mortgages the rights and fortunes of a whole family, the other supplies the dole. Thus those loyal dealers mutilate the justice of the public, and the descended rights of innocent orphans. Thus are they imminently interested in whatever militates against individual and general prosperity. Risen from the coal-cellar to the drawing-room, from the night-cart to a title, who will henceforth wonder, that the citizens of London, that is to say, the addressing part of them, abet and support the law-maker of Downing-street. Support the man who dictated the royal message, which gave life and celebrity to the *downcast* stocks of a bankrupt

bankrupt nation. Support the man who has beggared the Bank of England! Support the man who is ready, at any time to prove, that famine at home; disgrace and defeats abroad, paper without gold, and security without property, constitute the best resources of a commercial people.

Under these impressions, the merchant of fortune overbids such of his adventuring cotemporaries as value the independence of principle above the penury of gold.

Much has been said against the people calling themselves republicans. Much too of those styled reformers. Of them your Majesty's Ministers have, in fact, said and thought so much, that the once unheard of *Thelwall*, is now oracle extraordinary to every unlettered man in the kingdom. Persecution dragged him and his associates to the tower. A deluded populace dragged them, after their acquittal, from the thieves' banquet-house at the Old Bailey, to their respective homes. By these proceedings, men were brought to enquire about the real state of the country. Of these enquiries, the result has been, that *Pitt*, *Dundas*, *Windham*, and *Judge Reeves*, dreading popular indignation against their accumulated crimes, schemed bills of indictment against, part ignorant, part innocent, part ambitious, men. This supported the great actors of our national drama for a season. Had the prisoners been convicted, public tortures would have sufficiently occupied the public mind for months, perhaps years. At their acquittal, a new epithet of derision was framed, and this engaged the vulgar mind for months together. Presently a suspension of the Habeas Corpus was voted; on

the

the expiration of which, a late and ever-memorable salvo was administered to the *wicked* people. In all these transactions, impartial men observe all the villainy, and all the stupidity, of ministers. They discover, that itinerant politicians, *prude* demagogues, and ungracious lecturers, might have lived and died the *cackling* idols of their own self-love. Intelligent men did, and do consider those restive theorists, wholly unworthy the attention of the public. When I say this, your Majesty will not easily believe, that I have ever attended the lectures of *Patriot* Thelwall. Once, and only once, I breathed in that gulph of error, cunning, and ignorance.

On this occasion, the distortions of a miserable countenance moved first my pity, next my admiration. I really pitied the Lecturer. I admired the mob. Pity towards Thelwall was inevitable; because his mechanical orations, partaking as they did of much of the good sense, deep policy, and acute reasoning of a *Milton*, a *Locke*, and a *Sidney*, merited less of my censure than praise. Not that his genius produced the medly; it was, on the contrary, a compilation from those almost inimitable writers. On this account it was, that I admired the audience: really their ignorance was so obvious, his cunning so palpable and error of judgment so prevailing and unconstrained, that that unrivalled zeal, that licentious, and ill-timed applause, inordinately bestowed, could not but command admiration of imbecility unmasked. Every popular demagogue builds his reputation on those fragment plaudits. The rehearsal is at Beaufort Buildings, the acting in the fields. These more popular



popular orators, like parrots amongst men, re-echoe the overnight lesson: pleased to behold their companions at the lecture, the most loud in applauding them in the field. With such a memory, so *apt* and *intelligent*, surely the members of the London Corresponding Society will not hesitate to acknowledge the farce of the parrot is fully exemplified in them. For CHILDREN, who are nightly attendants, when the song is taught, will spend the morning in *delightful* admiration of the repeating MAGPYE.

Children in knowledge, wisdom and prudence, those men certainly are. Who wonder at this, need only be told, that their teachers, and the teachers of their teachers, *can* vindicate the assertion. Not a privy counsellor in the kingdom so much the novice, as not to know it is so. How then is your Majesty to account for the horrid preponderance of revolutionary terrors? The members of Opposition have uniformly told their antagonists of the Treasury-bench, that the London Corresponding Society is only of that the name. Every shadow of power they ever did, or could possess, would disappear at the flash of *priming*. But such prompt discipline would not do. Ministers had places to keep! the nation must therefore be continually annoyed with rumours of newly discovered plots and treasons. Were there wanting proofs of legislative turpitude; were there wanting proofs of administrative rancour; did men require living examples of living vice, Downing-street, Saint Stephen's, and the Continent, are monumental of them. The agents of our political calamities are the illegitimate offspring of solicitor general Sir John Mitford, of Old Bailey memory.

But

But, notwithstanding the admitted insignificance of those *correspondent*-gamblers, notwithstanding that whole agitated Copenhagan House, and the more recent assembly in Marylebone Fields, retreated at one time before a strayed bull; at another, on report of two privates of a dragoon troop entering the field; notwithstanding this, there yet exist reasons for combating that tyranny which now threatens ruin. So many lectures, so many societies, such once united, but at present scattered force of democratic sentiments, never could have existed in a country where reform of every kind was not virtually and presently wanted. It is farcical, yet lamentable, to observe, that not merely one, but upwards of five hundred lecturers have found successive employment for upwards of a twelvemonth, in this kingdom, in the mere discussion of political vices. Oh, miserable country! Oh, betrayed king! When the honest sense of Englishmen ought to have been taken; when undue parliamentary influence ought to have been destroyed; when every subject of these realms, instead of being innocently arranged on *manufactured* charges of *non-existing* disloyalty, ought to have been confirmed in his liberty; yes! when Frenchmen proffered their friendship and love to your Majesty, those who had great reason to tremble for their own personal safety, have, as your highness perceives, been thus plotting and abetting conspiracies and foul treasons against your royal person. True it is, that one or two disaffected theorists, and some deluded mechanics, may have sought to overthrow the whole constituted authority of the kingdom.

But

But who would shrink from a pismire, in a pass where even Hercules himself must yield!

That there did, that there ever will, exist fools and madmen in this, in common with every other country of the globe, no one will deny. That they were few, and would in time become still fewer, every one will, however, believe. Corruption, which *must* be supported by peculation, gave rise to complaints which will yet be supported, perhaps, by the sword! Why say perhaps? For unless your Majesty listens to the reasonable supplications of your people, it will even so happen.

INTRIGUE is the master-piece of our English Nero. *He*, my Liege, hired the man who opened the *budget* of the tumultuary business of the 29th of October last. There was no stone thrown on that day at your Majesty. If there had, those who sat near you must have discovered it immediately on its entering the body of your coach. That impulse which could carry a stone from the hand of the person who first gave it motion, to the coach window, would likewise have perforated the glass: the continued volition, and increasing velocity of such a stone, would carry it into, or through the body of the coach. Now, only one window was at all wounded; and no stone, no particle of matter of any coercive kind was found in the coach by those who sat near you. Hence neither stone, pebble, nor particle, was thrown at you on that 29th day of October, above cited. Lord West—m—d, my Liege, might have broken the glass with his cabinet wand! Glorious man! would you thus alie-

nate the affections of the Sovereign from the people, and of the people from the sovereign ?

No sooner had the news of these outrages reached your two Houses of Parliament, than congratulatory addresses were voted and sent to your Majesty, expressive of *their* (the Ministers who had actually and truly provoked and irritated the populace) *lively* veneration of a person, and unshaken regard for a life they had both insulted and risked in public procession! These addresses were followed by as many more as could be bought throughout the distracted kingdoms. And the Common-hall of London, vauntingly proclaimed her *unbiased* acquiescence in the measures of the cabinet.

Had Treasury *Curtis*, and Exchequer *Sanderson*, either known or understood, that any of the more dependent citizens, whose bills they held, voted against a declaration issued, on this occasion, from Grocer's-hall, not one shilling would they have advanced upon them. This the unfortunate drawers knew but too well. They therefore feebly voted for a measure which militated against their eternal, inalienable interests.

Even Scotland, that union-swindled nation, gave birth to addresses, petitions, and decrees. These, however, were fabricated for the most part by anticipating lawyers, doctors, gunners, drummers, and which was still more magnificent, by Mr. CHAMBERS, *blacksmith* to your Majesty, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, lately arrived, *with a fortune* from the East Indies! Fie upon it!!



'Twas by men like these that those loudly decried bills, called Bills of Sedition and Treason, were approved. Expectant on the Minister, the poor *Cannings*, *Jenkinsons*, and *Grants*; the *Windhams* themselves surrendered their country's liberties to save their patron's head. In surrendering these, they unhappily sacrificed the interests of their sovereign, if not his life. To paliate matters, it was however, rumoured, that when those Bills were passed into law, your Majesty wholly disapproved of the measure. Those who think so, would do well to recollect, that every King of Great Britain has, for time immemorial, enjoyed a dissentient power, that is a casting vote on all questions, even those of state emergency. That paramount right, your Majesty could have exercised, had the inclinations of your heart dictated opposition to a cruel parliament. It is little better than a bad Irishism for your Majesty now to say, *that that, which was wholly in your power to reject, was approved by you against your inclination!*

Perhaps the dread of being abandoned by one favorite, forsaken and betrayed by another, stimulated an hasty decision. If so, a charge of intemperance will lie somewhere. But men will more easily believe, that the misguided wishes of the heart, accompanied that despot error. Notwithstanding this, however, there is no subject in the realm so completely in arms against the Minister, but would yet heartily espouse the cause of degraded Majesty. In Englishmen you will always have sympathizing and generous friends. Should ministerial tyranny even provoke rebellion, in Englishmen! your family will truly find hearts to pity,

and bosoms prone to sigh. Humanity's pearly tears will soften every foe ; while compassion, for the unhappy prejudiced monarch, will interest and warm the feelings of Britons, to protect and solace suffering royalty. We do, and we will revere our king. But we do not, and will not adore his minion satellites. Neither shall corruption find subterfuge amongst us.

Though the prime minister of England violates all law, we assert the rights of free-men. Though he sacrifices public faith, and national honor, we conjoin public duty with private virtue. The Privy Council may scheme eternal despotism, *but We are the People!* Oh, that your Majesty would but examine and well weigh these truths.

Insurrection will never curse a people whose king is virtuous. Rebellion never disquiet a king whose people are conversant with their liberties only, through their spontaneous blessings. It is for your own sake, my Liege, I thus press my observations upon you. Multifarious as they are, nought but loyalty exhilarates my soul. I love my country! I love my King! Yet I am *ready-fighted* over the annals of both.

Love to them must always be mutual and always unconstrained. The man who can so regulate his affections, will neither adulate the monarch, nor idolize his own birth-right. Because, to do either is folly. God is alone the author of being, and therefore is the only proper object of superior adoration. My life is for my king and my country, my soul belongs to God. Now adulation of princes and idolization of ones own birth-right have, too frequently, a tendency

to swerve the creature from his duty to the Creator; thus then to adulate and idolize humanity is folly!

There is a line and a plummet with which every man can measure and adjust the concerns of mortality. Whatever is worthy of pursuit, is likewise reduceable to practical entity. Now, nothing so highly interests a people as their duty to God. Next to which, is the duty they severally owe to themselves. It is a positive neglect of this duty for any man to submit to the mal-administration of any man. And wherever the united will of a people is concentrated, if justice flows equally and impartially from it, we are bounden by our obligations to Heaven, to fix our anchors of political salvation. Should the ground prove unstable, necessarily the same obligations demand of us to change anchorage. Thus then the legislator of these realms, already vitiated from its inmost issues, presents us with no place of safety. To your Majesty, we however, have a right to appeal, and should this not be listened to, we are invited to submit the conduct of our pilotless bark to Heaven. But your Majesty feels too sensibly those moral and religious obligations, which alike require your, and your people's, virtuous zeal. When all the extraneous parts of our constitution are disunited from the really essential fabrick, the duty we owe to God, ourselves, and posterity, will have been performed.

A constitution of government is good, only in proportion as its influencing faculties stimulate a general and unlimited love of virtue. In a country where the rules, justice arms a king, and industry, and contentment, har-

monize, and shield a people. That system of government which shall destroy this faculty of a constitution, is therefore bad, and ought to be radically and forever destroyed. Hence the urgent necessity of instant reform.

There is a crisis which human affairs must and will reach: and that too a crisis at which national wealth, individual ambition, and corporate power, will for a time verberate or move in zig-zag, but unincreasing influence. But time, that holds the reins of death, soon humbles the aspiring nation to a wreathless grave. To this period of perfection in misery, we are not, however, yet arrived. I have again and again said that we may, if we will, improve our condition, whether with regard to our political, religious, or moral interests.

But before any change can take place, those operose men, those boisterous coalitionists, who now agitate the public mind, must either be convicted of an error, or confirmed in their patriotism. That assertion; that the passing of the two Bills of Convention, already alluded to, into law, would justify resistance on the part of the people, amounts to another assertion; namely, that it would be a violation of the coronation oath, on the part of the sovereign; because, a king of England cannot *force* rebellion against his government, without first *breaking* that solemn compact between himself and his people.—Now, *in the fourth and last place;*

THOUGHTS ON THE LAWS THAT WERE, AND THE  
LAWS THAT ARE.

LAWS must be either good or bad. Good law is that rule



rule of conduct, in pursuing which, a man easily knows his right path, and in that path, cannot easily err. Literally speaking, law is A CERTAIN RULE *directing and obliging a rational creature in moral actions*. To direct, must be to guide: now it is necessary, that one should know what it is he is so guided by. But if law be really unintelligible, it is not a guide to good but bad conduct. I would not, for the world, be obligated to adhere to given rules, if those rules were improperly enforced and unwisely conceived. Now law in this country, where only a few profess and none understand it, must oblige men either to do nothing, or to do what is wrong. That is not law which cannot be comprehended, defined, and understood by the most simple, by the most uninstructed and illiterate mind: without this, it is not law, but conspiracy against reason. How can law be for the protection of every one, if only finessing barristers can practice under it? These barristers, if they are ingenious, can swindle a jury out of their wits and the judges out of their senses. Thus subject to *evasiory* prejudice, misinterpretation, and precedent, what was good *law* yesterday, may prove very bad *grammar* to-morrow. Such would be neither lawful nor right. The law of England is, therefore, practically bad. Judge Blackstone has, I own, written ingeniously on legal topics: but whoever has studied his commentaries must say with me, that they are a good apology for a bad code. Our prisons for felons, suspected politicians, and debtors, fully corroborate this assertion. Fifteen years have I known a man confined for a debt of 7l. and

when it came to be paid, the magnanimous sheriffs of London demanded 5*l.* additional for *their* poundage. Than this, nothing could be more iniquitous, because, according to their own data, they were intitled to only 7 shillings. The unfortunate man was, however, detained on that damnable charge, and died a few months since, in the same loathsome dungeon. It is a fact, and an obvious one, my Sovereign, that the chief justice of the King's Bench is *allowed* 4,000*l.* a year (some say more), besides the produce of *rule-rent*, by the marshal of the King's Bench prison, for his (the chief justice's) share of the annual profits of that moral grave. Yet the same chief justice can *lament* the existence of any place of the kind.

Instead of prisons for debt, we ought to have liquidating boards ; to which every debtor and creditor should be required to bring claim and defence, and thence retire acquitted *ad infinitum*, from the fatality of the writ. In this case, no possible injustice could be done to the creditor ; because a man who owes 10*l.* and has only 2*l.* of all this world's good to pay it with, will not surely be able to make 10*l.* of his 2*l.* in a gaol. It may be supposed by the creditor, that the debtor has wealthy or ostensible friends, who, tender of their own name and character, will ultimately liquidate the debt. Admitting such a probability to exist, in all cases, whether of debts of a small, or those of a great amount, your Majesty will not imagine, that the relatives are bound by any legal obligation, so to indulge a capricious or avaricious creditor. The debtor, in fact, may have been a profligate, who has ruined his health, prostituted his character, and  
 soured

foured his friends. Here then, I beg your Majesty will turn your thoughts to George Prince of Wales.

However, people in trade never have just reason to complain of *intaking* customers; for shopkeepers eagerly snatch every opportunity, wherewithal they can vend their commodities. Such eagerness to sell will often occasion a backwardness to pay; but the most guilty, is the fool who sports his capital. Another time I will enter more generally into this topic. At all times I shall, however, think imprisonment for debt, neither compatible with good law nor sound policy.

Corporal punishments, of every kind, are uncongenial with political prudence, if not contrary to natural justice. A man, for instance, shall happen to be deprived, by some tyrant superior, of all means of physical subsistence. Reduced to the verge of the grave, his famished stomach incessantly anticipates her denied nurture. In this condition, nature points to every practical, nay, every possible resource. Without friends or philanthropists (descriptions of which the present generation can very little boast) near him, he hastens to the highway. Here some unwary passenger meets his wandering eyes: he attacks; he succeeds, and lays the foundations of infamy and death. But was he guilty of wilful robbery? No—not at all: tyranny drove him to the highway, where desperation turned him into a robber.

Able in this manner to retrace the origin of almost all the vices which have stained the human character, will it be wondered at, if I profess myself adverse from corporal punishment of whatever kind, and inflicted under whatsoever circumstances?

circumstances? Some will reply and assert, that man is naturally prone to evil. If this be so, God cannot be divinely just ; because the rational faculty, which is the supervital essence, must be that section of humanity, which at all resembles the Creator. Reason, in short, is the image of God who made us. Now it is argued, that we are naturally prone to vicious and lewd habits : inasmuch then as reason is the sole agent of physical necessity, and this last the main spring of every action we perform, so reason, which is, as I have said, "the image of God who made us," must be *naturally* abandoned, wicked, and profane. Admitting this how can God, the fountain head of Reason, be divinely just ?

But, why do I grieve your highness on this *irrational* topic? For me to suppose, that my God ! my Creator ! breathed the breath of life into me, endowed my vital functions with certain beneficent powers, diversified the frame of my organs with intricate, but just and equidistant sources of respiration, generation, perspiration, and animation, to suppose, my Prince, that *soul* is cast into the mould of carnality, were blasphemy against Heaven. I cannot suppose it ! I will not believe it ! We are, each and all of us, capable of higher enjoyments than vice. Even heaven and paradise are promised. Will it be believed then, that eternal vice is the fundamental of eternal virtue ? No : yet such is the doctrine of original sin. But I quit it for the present ; assured in my own mind, that your Majesty will henceforth unscrupulously explode every religious and civil error.

We may much boast of literary improvements in the present and former reigns ; but whatever good some men think

refinements



refinements of literature and subtilties of science impart, mankind may be well acquainted, generally, with this truth: *that improvement in classical knowledge is advancement in practical vice.* Boys at our schools and in the universities, acquire habits of thinking, desires to act, passions to gratify, illustrious examples of illustrious villainy never known, never practised, and indulged but by the conquering tyrants of ambitious Rome. In favour of every Gothic vice, they really imbibe all the prejudices of sycophant bigots. Launched into the fortuitous ocean of life, these creatures of monkism spurn every decent maxim, and prostitute every virtuous good. They fill our armies, swell our fleets, and overwhelm our senates. Generals of staff-apathy, Admirals of flag-cruelty, Representatives of the scare crow of the marchstone of the cottage, form those voluptuous cohorts which guide the dire wheels of civic infamy, and rear under the banners of martial puberty. In a word, our standing senates, are standing evils; our standing armies, standing mischiefs.

To regain that virtuous popularity which your Majesty once enjoyed, future laws must provide against those, the obnoxious and incroaching enemies of freemen. We must precisely know what we can, of right, precisely enjoy, before the crown can precisely define its virtuous power, and the people their virtuous liberties.

Englishmen have not yet forgotten the fate of the unfortunate, but illustrious Dr. Dodd. They can likewise remember the recent event of Hunter's trial. Dodd had committed a forgery, Hunter did the same; but the Doctor had no friends at court,

court. Hunter is distantly related to the man, who was *coachman* to Harry Dundas's grandfather. These are facts: and every man who reads this letter, can easily be furnished at the Old Bailey with the proofs.

Are our laws therefore good; our judges therefore impartial; our statesmen therefore virtuous; our constitution therefore good? Verily they are.

Those, indeed, the attributes of justice, in mercy, which titled infamy can admire and applaud. Because, with such laws, and permanent judges to administer them, we may truly say, England has legalized each brutal evil.

The noble lord, or honourable justice, who shall happen to preside at the circuit, sits also on the King's Bench in Westminster-Hall. From the country frequent appeals are made to the town. The verdict of a jury is not easily *quashed*; but the sentence of a judge can be reversed. A cause that was tried at Maidstone, may be moved, by an appeal, to the Court of King's Bench in London. The fact and the circumstances belonging to it are here new garbed, and have new barristers to urge them. But, alas! the good old judge, who presided at Maidstone, sits upon the bench. To him the jurymen pay deference; to him each servile barrister can bend the brainless head. The same issue follows the same cause: thus, those prejudices which crammed the views of justice in the country, *racks* mercy in town. I abominate the practice.

Chancery again is not a section of the common law of the land; thus here men expect to have justice done them. Equity is the professed scale-holder in this palace of mercy.

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The plaintiff and the defendant are accordingly equally successful; for both quit it in the general, without friends, consciences, and money: in a word, the way to justice is the road to ruin.

Impressed with this truth, it was that Mr. Pitt discovered the necessity of introducing *new* laws. The more the code is extended, the more complex the machine. And in proportion as this complexity of Statutes is increased, so will our lives, liberties, and properties be subjected to all the avarice and all the incertitude that belongs to power. This incertitude, this avarice, mingling with commerce, will wreck our credit, and unnerve our trade. True national independence, so long as it is regarded by individual men, will shrink from slavery. Yet no sooner has this independence been sacrificed, but power absorbs every vestige of liberty, and, with this, every means of comfort. In such a case to complain, will be deemed treason. The point at which legislative functionaries desire to fix Britannia's glory. Nor shall your Majesty escape them; your virtues shall be seized; and coerced as hostages for their vices! Already the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his prostitute coadjutors, banquets in the Temple once sacred to virtue. Notably vile, he rolls amidst the gambols of nocturnal passion. Though never too much devoted to Cupidian-riots, the Bacchanalians adore his superior prowess. But with all his wretchedness, a sagacity, far exceeding idiotism, belongs to him. Treason, he knows, is something a man may commit against God, his Country, and himself: but it is not any thing a man can *really* commit against a tyrant-fellow-

fellow-man. Acquainted with this solemn truth, he found that liberty of speech must first be taken away, before treason, against a tyrant, can be committed. Should your Majesty acquiesce in the measure of a despot Cabinet, it will no longer be a question---Whether or no tyranny belongs to Kings? I have ever thought, those who can yoke the chains of tyranny, as well as those who can impart them, *instead of participating the confidence of a nation on the one hand, or the pity of individuals on the other*, to their own imbecility and villainy *owe, what they ought forever to share*,---  
SLAVERY AND DISEASE. If to say this be treason, I, my Liege, am guilty.---Now, however, every Englishman is guilty of continual treason; because speech is the gift of God, and its abuse, the province of traitorous sinners. The faculty of speech is abused by all who dissemble their honest sentiments!

But again, Does your Majesty seriously believe, that the treason laws, made in the reigns of the Edwards and the Charleses, did not sufficiently provide for the safety of the person and crown of every king of England? Does your Majesty believe, that bills which occupied three weeks of the time of your two houses of parliament, before they could be approved, really provided for the *immediate* safety of your life and crown? I think that both kingdom and king might have sunk obviously, while those bills were framing, at discussion, and ingrossing.

You are now as tranquil, in the daily display of all the splendor of office, as you were last year about this time; but

you



you are not more so. Where then the superlative efficacy of *Pitt* and *Grenville's* bills ?

I own, the laws that were, did not provide against the insidious ambuscades of a regicide viceroy, and green-room master of horse. Those laws never entertained, because those who made them never could suppose, the possibility of a prime minister of England, placing an arrant courtier in the same coach with a king of England, in order to annoy majesty at the hazard of a revolution.

Terrible as all Lord North's, as all Walpole's administration was, nothing in the political life of either, ever equalled that daring, that nameless degradation of royal virtue. Your Majesty actually pays and flatters a man, whose views never reached your interests, whose administration never once asserted the honourable dignity of your crown. *To-morrow* he may choose to frame a bill, which may have for its object the perpetuation of the offices of Treasury, Exchequer, and Admiralty in the family of the *Pitts* and *Grenvilles*. Will your Majesty refuse the royal assent to such a bill ? If you do, England's crown will, *if they can*, cease to exalt your name. *PITT* will be *perpetual*, *DUNDAS* *occasional* *DICTATOR* of Great Britain. Dismiss them, my insulted Sovereign, dismiss them from your councils: the state of the nation demands instant exertion of every mental power.

True exertions have been made, and are, I understand, making daily, by those in opposition to ministers: but those *feats*, like the performers of them, are too sumptuous to embrace much of the solid interests of Britons. As it is with men  
who

who are heated by constant eagerness to attain to some favourite mountain's top, so with that illustrious phalanx of minor virtues. They rise in a body, start in a body, proceed in a body, struggle, retreat, and struggle in a body, they succeed in a body, and, in the same mountainous fury, *dart sneers and self-sufficiencies* on all below. Westminster hustings were of this greatly testimonial. High soaring heads, Grecian hands, Roman eyes, French curls, and round English tongues, conspicuously alert, nodded, waved, winked, twisted, spoke, with every charm to fascinate, making every concession that had power to please. Good honest Charles expatiated, with peculiar effect, on the virtues of his *magnanimous friends*. *Russell* upon the scaffold, *Russell* at the hustings, Bedford in parliament, a Duke at court, echoed and re-echoed from such, whose credulity had sapped their wisdom, whose hectic eye-balls magnified each VIRTUOUS *fault*. The blood of *Russell* the martyr was said to flow, resplendently serene, through the patriot *system* of *Russell* the whig. As if they would say, "Hail, good man, hail! a guardian, a protector, a friend, a patron; young, rich, virtuous, strong, amiable, just; wise to plan, prompt to execute, neither fearing death nor *solicitous* after danger, but a perfect orator and independent statesman. Hail *Russell*! who is such a man, and more than such a man, ready to guide your country and direct your councils. Can you, can you hesitate at the call of duty, honour, and liberty and life? Can you, inert, yet tortured, slumber out misery against the voice of reason, against religion, against the importuning sigh of gasping freedom? Can you, my generous, my brave,

my

my warlike, my independent, my yet free, ever glorious countrymen? Oh, can you thus hail the noblest care of fortune and of fame, propitiously indignant of both, indifferent to all but your happiness. What, shall Russell again perish martyr to a dread, infamous, cruel, insincere, torpid, ungenerous, speculating party. No! your rights are invaded, your liberties attacked, your property mortgaged, your lives, wives, children, and friends, alike endangered, will henceforth fall together, unless—ah! this unless, rends the vitals of my heart! 'tis big, too too big for life. Yet, what, what will, what can, what must be done? Even associate generally, to rescue those invaluable gifts of God from the impious hands of persecuting Pitt. Rise, Britons, rise." When sentiments of this kind were echoed, shouts of applause, increased by contemporary hisses, overpowered the orator and *swallowed* all his words\*. The electors of Westminster, unwilling to be considered sceptics, received every flowing sentence into their fast-digesting stomachs. In short, whole congregated opposition, about whose sincerity doubts had been entertained only a few days before, was styled, "Impenetrable bulwark of British liberty." From

\* So many people in so small a place, and all wholly unable to distinguish between one word of what was spoken and the other, alarmed some and diverted others; and, were I at liberty to talk ludicrously and figuratively, I would say, for such was the forest-like show of hands, that had an Irishman been dropped from a basket among the crowd, his first and most zealous work would be to chop down fingers, imagining them to be so many fat kidney potatoes.

that day to this, confidence and approbation have mutually entwined each Charlovenian brow. The law oracles of the party themselves, have been heard to say, that *laws for the preservation and security of your Majesty's person*, are directly repugnant to the rights and liberties of the subject. Thus agreeing in the doctrine, that kings are and were the scorpions of humanity. With the sentiments of those gentlemen, *on this subject*, one like me cannot wholly coincide. Undoubtedly, the sedition and treason bills are repugnant to good order and good sense. Repugnant to these, they must be equally so to the orderly, sensible part of the nation: there existed no good ground for their introduction, and were it true that their principle is inimical to right law, the government of these kingdoms would cease to be a legitimate government. In such a conjuncture, it would much concern your Majesty to change it into a legitimate one. For *failing of this*, Britons would be compelled to do it themselves.

But when *tare* and *trett* orators weigh and subtilize liberty, as they do charter parties and insurance policies, independent truth must, nevertheless, recoil at and spurn their principles. Liberty, with some, consists in leave to act and to will according to the dictates of *sovereign Nature*. According to others, liberty is an echo. Between such opinions a medium can, however, at once be decyphered; and this, perhaps, is, *leave to act and to will* according to the dictates of reason temperate, and the laws of nature systematized.

Consisting in these, no disposition to anarchy, no resistance to organized power, no association of *flall* and green-



oo m politics, can be congenial to the spirit and the essence of liberty. God has made distinctions between man and man. God requires a religious observance of his laws. Associating generally, and for a specific time and object, indicates nothing liberal in theory, nor great in practice. It is vain for disputants to say, that a *forced* repeal of the Convention Bills would open the gate to reform. I believe a repeal of them would open the gate to the Treasury-bench and Exchequer ; thus then the door would be no sooner opened to, than shut upon, Reform. Former reigns gave rise to oppositions not less vehement than the present. In one struggle, the Whigs prevailed, and rewarded their *associates* with the Riot Act ! This was a war of opinions, because wholly supported by the opposite interest of Whigs and Tories. The proposed association of the Whigs of this day, with all ranks, classes, and conditions of people, is no more remarkable nor pressed with more urgency than that coalition of the Whigs with the people was. Yet the eager nation was complimented only with an oppressive nuisance for her generous services. That sanguinary edict was produced in the early part of your grandfather George the I.'s reign, in consequence of unfounded doubts, which had long been entertained by the Whigs concerning the intentions of Queen Anne and her ministers, with regard to the succession of the protestant and catholic line of Stuart. Some, indeed, believed, that not only the Tory ministers, but her Majesty herself, had an intention of altering the succession from the Electress Sophia, to the son of the exiled James. The truth, however, was, that the Whigs, who had been out of favour

for years, framed, circulated, and accredited that untrue report. George I. just come from Hanover, and stranger to our customs and politics, believed every tittle of the Whig story, while their opponents were shamefully persecuted and degraded. So it went on, till the capricious victors, grown too insolent in their successes, totally defeated themselves. Then the Tories were received into confidence, and royal favours multiplied upon them. Now, what in all these transactions, so very unlike the patriotism of 1795. They differ, but they differ only in time; the *cause, object, and interest* essentially agree. Englishmen may madly choose to associate, with a view to your Majesty's repealing the new treason statutes. Success may attend their united efforts; but this your Majesty likewise knows, that the Whigs, when they have supplanted the Tories, must and will impose some new restrictions whose operation and influence shall awe the unhappy kingdom into confidence. Acting the old play of *Pitt* and his associates over again, they will thus re-sacrifice liberty to their wanton lusts and passions. Away, ye mysterious advocates of mysterious power!

Inimical to no honest virtuous duty, I yet would cheerfully unite with those, or any other set of men who *really* valued their country's happiness as their own. When I decried any association of *Stall* and *Green Room* politics, it was not because the former is in my mind, unworthy of, or unentitled to an apportionate degree of consistent influence. The man, my Liege, who sweeps our streets, or rakes our kennels, is possessed of "a true body, and a reasonable soul,"

As your Majesty, he, on the scale of existence, equally interests, if he equally honors God. For this reason it is, that I deprecate the insincere professions of office-hunting men. For this reason it is, that I urge equal Representation, and Universal Suffrage, to the consideration of your Highness. Restore these with their relative, and always necessary advantages, and every ray of disloyalty will vanish.

Reckon not, my Sovereign, on the calculable attendant horrors of former revolutions. The honest English people thirst after justice, not blood. Illiterate advisers may, perhaps, have expiated on the mental inequality of your subjects; deducing from thence, an inability to hold any share in the legislative fund. That very few, English understand politics, particularly the politics of courts and courtiers, is what I can readily imagine. But that every man in the three kingdoms can distinguish between poverty and ease, health and sickness, water and mutton broth, beef and periwinkles, is what all know and all believe. So clearly as we can distinguish between these, so clearly should we distinguish between the state of a country, reformed in all her establishments, and that state of the same country, which makes every man of fortune a tyrant. The first class of the above, contradistinguished possibilities, would be that which Great Britain might, in the general, bestow upon her sons. Under the auspices of Heaven, a virtuous king and honest parliament, we should enjoy those, and even higher, comforts.

It has been said, and industriously promulgated, that the now existing law of the land violates and repeals Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. In law it is not so; because to repeal any existing law, a bill must not only embrace the provisions of, but likewise the arguments against, the specific statute. Had *Grenville* and *Pitt's Bills* been framed with a view to the abrogation of any former law, the preamble of those Bills would have stated and avowed the object. A word of the kind is not to be found in the whole series of the Bill of *new* Sedition, and its partner, the Bill of *new* Treason. On the contrary, it is carefully and often said, that *they* mean to preserve, not destroy existing statutes. Taken in this view, Mr. Erskine, and the whole bar, may yet successfully plead to the provisions of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. I know this law luminary of opposition, when discussing the law contained in the Bills in question, corroborated the assertions of Mr. Fox concerning them. The latter Gentleman did not scruple to tell the whole world, that the moment Pitt and Grenville's Bills were made part of the law of the land, Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights would be repealed, and consequently cease to exist as any part of the English constitution. This however, was an assertion made at the Hustings, but an assertion which they have thought proper since then to qualify. In a declaration recently published by them, it is collusively stated, that although Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights, are not yet actually repealed, liberty of speech, and the right of petitioning are proscribed. So that the Whigs can alter their diction with their circumstances, and only regard an assertion,



tion, however momentous, so long as its avowal can stimulate the public clamour in their favor. When opposing the unpassed Bills, good and well-informed citizens gave them credit. But now that the *same* Bills are by them said not to contain the *same* degree of rancor, they were then described to possess, men begin to doubt the uprightness of their intentions. From the beginning of their opposition to these Bills, to the present hour, disinterested individuals have deprecated the conduct of Fox and his party. Aware that every sigh they drew, and every vow they protested, were the sighs of jealousy, and the asseverations of lust. Perhaps, indeed, the noble Duke, who, of all the party appeared most zealous to defeat the Minister, has no right to be classed among the lustful. His individual presumption, is however, no reason, why the beggard, the sycophant, the envy-sanguined Poll-bearers shall escape censure. Among these, those might be descried, who have subsisted, years after years, on the mere expectations of a change of Ministry. Did a change take place, and that Mr. Fox (who, whatever may be his bane, I never can justly couple with such desperadoes) were appointed to guide the nation common gratitude, if not common prudence, would require, that those more than faithful slaves should be rewarded for their laziness. In short, a change of servants, without a change of measures, would but unmask one Robber to mask another.

But quitting this doctrine of consequences, whoever considers the topic of *repeal* in a physical view, will find that nothing in heaven, on earth, or that is in the waters under  
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the earth, can repeal the *real* MAGNA CHARTA, and the *real* BILL OF RIGHTS: which are, GOD and ETERNITY. God is the author, Eternity the chain of Liberty.

Englishmen may slumber and groan for a season: but there shall yet arrive a period, when their noble natures shall spurn the coward sacrifice. Oh, how I wish to rouse, to invigorate, to fire you, my countrymen! Expectant on a general revolution of sentiments, I eagerly grasp each fleeting moment; patient of your frowns, but awake to all your dangers. You are asleep: consumptive sleep! As those who amidst the mazes of lethargic night, revel in thy slippery chains and perish to awake, so do my fellow-Britons hasten through clouds and superstitions, to the verge of day.

THAT DAY, alas! when England's soaring sons,  
Immeasurably dread, shall rise; and wreck  
Thee, dire fastidious pow'r. High borne on pride's  
Capricious, viscid wings from site to site  
They'll fly.—Or o'er the howling deep:  
Till ruin and confusion stem their force.  
Then ev'ry tongue, then ev'ry heart shall cease  
To emulate the man whose crimes I write,  
Cease to applaud fam'd Chatham's villain son,  
AND press'd by hungry monsters, BLEEDING, FALL!

Awake! Awake! Awake! And you, my gracious monarch, you I supplicate, I urge to a conscious, a quick discharge of those high duties which imminently exalt your office. The dissolution of error, the suppression of vice, the  
moderation

moderation of the rich, and happiness of the poor, more than the musket and the sword, shall establish you in the genial possession of every rational distinction and all your wanted power. Whereas, perseverance in those ministerial paths, which have hitherto so grossly misled your people, and traduced your crown, can only lead to the ultimate disunion of the one, and the total annihilation of the other. True this is, that importuning language, I have so repeatedly employed in the series of this letter : but we cannot too often, nor too strongly recommend the duty we owe to God, our Country, and ourselves. In doing this, surely the imputation of "Enthusiasm" will be declined by my opponents. Were it the wish of an enthusiast to pray the protection and assistance of Heaven, in all sublunary undertakings, I need not dissemble, that the charge will be perfectly substantiated by my daily offerings. Yet I have not a wish but for the happiness of the nation and her monarch. Of you my countrymen I entertain the same hopes; because for you I indulge an equal regard. Oh, will you then with me join in one universal hymn of thanksgiving, and say;

By that vital entity which regulates, and preserves, and vigorates the animal functions of my frame; by the resplendent majesty of voluminous creation; by that reason which is the image of that majesty; by all that is exalted in life and awful in death; by what will not, what cannot, speak. Oh! by all the passions which inspire the heart, I swear, that I shall neither cease to write, speak, and act, until freedom or death has engulfed my soul!

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This, my Sovereign, is strong language—It is! but not more so than the occasion is important. While there yet remain means of salvation, I am doing my duty in pointing to them. Retreat who will, I am thus committed in the cause of freedom; and, if I must die an untimely death, it shall be in the act of worshipping God, Virtue, and Liberty.

But my mind tells me, I shall yet live to behold England free and happy. To behold reason exalted in our churches, and integrity in our senates. To behold virtuous laws, faithful judges, unawed jurors; while all the mienless pride of aristocracy is humbled in sincerity. Each *noble* mortal, and each *peasant* mortal, differing only in the degrees of virtuous magnanimity, of genuine wisdom, the one displays over the other. Oh, my great God! grant the fulfilment of these my earnest expectations: may England regain her liberties, and to King George the III. grant prosperity and peace. Ament!

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#### NOTE.

HOWEVER I may seem to advocate the cause of modern reformers, let it not be imagined, I bestow unqualified encomiums on either men or systems. Universal suffrage can only mean universal freedom: and annual parliaments must be to this, as annual revolution round the sun, is to the earth we inhabit—CONSERVATOR OF LIFE, STRENGTH, AND BEAUTY!

Freedom is that unproscribed and imprescriptable heritage man receives at his birth from his Creator. About the modes of legislating this divine property, men have, however, hitherto been constantly divided in sentiments: these divisions, as yet, continue to umbrage the laws of hospitality. By them the nobler passions of humanity are, and have been, outraged



raged. This, however, cannot have originated in freedom as a blessing, but with man as an agent. Our mental faculties, or the perceptive and conceptive sections of vitality, penuriated by sterile industry, plot incessantly against the grosser organs. Mind actuates hand, eye directs foot, body submits to its members, till the power of contemplating things around us dethrones morality and commits suicide on virtue. Thus then those evils, attributed to freedom, have been perpetrated by her enemies. Of herself, she is incapable of misguiding any one. Only ambiguous associators, elusive sectaries, invidious courtiers, and vain glorious statesmen pollute her altars. A London Corresponding Society, whose professed object, *originally*, was that of a reform in parliament, now solicits an association with the Whig Club; and thus would become the mercenary satellites of a distinct party. They are the Hessians of the Tree of Liberty! John Horne Tooke again is perfectly complacent, so far as *Hounslow*; but there he will cheerfully abandon his colleagues in the cause of liberty. Thus then that shrewd politician does not affect to wish well to the whole of the human race: but only to the small portion of the English that lies promiscuously in the road from London to Hounslow. Despicable patriotism!—The members of opposition likewise profess an admiration of partial reform. Triennial Parliaments find advocates in the majority of the Whigs. In short, every reflecting Briton, seduced by paltry self-interest, contents himself with puny exertions, in the cause of Truth.

A celebrated modern Justice, who holds Universal Suffrage, and Annual Parliaments in extreme contempt, was recently arraigned as the indecent libeller of our most virtuous Senate. Not being a Member of our Holy Temple, it was sufficient for him that he offered his sacrifices at the shrine of Hawkesbury Dome. Here he confessed all.—Here all was forgiven,—but the whole of these proceedings were the exertions of men straining for delay. Indeed, had the opposition rightly considered the various passages in that book, they would have seen good reason for declining their prosecution of its author. For it is undoubtedly true, that the House of Commons, in its present uncommonly vicious state, is a nuisance. If this be so, what is the House of Lords? Even an own sister! Two as big strumpets as ever strayed from Virtue. Independently of this, was there any man, or set of men, who doubted the paramount influence of your Majesty's Cabinet. An influence, which, while it continues to increase, nay, at its present acme, can always over-rule the public will. Hence those two branches of the National Tree of Taxation, are not necessary to the existence of the Tree itself. But are, on the contrary, merely useful to those who lop  
their

their fibres, inasmuch as they are hereby supported in all their prodigal luxury. In a word, Saint Stephen is the divine foe of Liberty. Thus might that *excellent man*, pronounce its gay anachronisms unessential and unwieldy. After pronouncing thus, he gives decided preference to pure monarchy; so that every writer of the age before us, who mentions "Government," advocates some one or other of the *exclusive* forms. But roused by a survey of the apostate manners of a venal age, my only ambition is to touch the souls of all. Could this be successfully done, ALL would be agreed, that whatever be the form, the operation of a Government ought always to guarantee the Natural and Civil Rights of Man. Such a Government is possible—nay, thoroughly practicable. It requires no more than for mankind to consolidate the abstract passion of an acquired lust of uncertain wealth, into one general principle of universal Justice?

Another time I shall endeavour to pourtray a plan of a Constitution designed from, and correlative to the associated necessities of civil, political, and religious liberty. Meanwhile, let me conjure your Highness to the immediate exertion of those legislative functions which alone belong to you. Exercise them with a scrupulous regard to the congregated and individual interests of the whole, and thus, though there may here and there be found miserable beings who are incapable of virtuous contentment, the great majority will proclaim and manifest thy merited praises. Yes; Cæsar and his host would then reign securely amidst surrounding joys!



THE END.